

From the Spectator.

DAY'S FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN THE WEST INDIES.*

THE author of this work is a man of much shrewdness and some vigor of mind, with a good deal of worldly experience, and, apparently, extensive travel. His intelligence is not, indeed, of the highest kind, nor his native comprehension or his habitual training of the highest order. He is brimful of the prejudices of a cosmopolitan John Bull; that is, travel has rounded and enlarged his original likes and dislikes, without mollifying them. In his opinion, an American is about the worst specimen of the genus *Homo*—meaning white man, both as regards manners and morals. Next to him comes, with some very few exceptions, the gentry class of the West Indies—officials, doctors, and divines of the English Church. At some distance from these rank the lawyers, the Creole whites, and the managers of estates; followed pretty closely by store-keepers, white clerks, and so forth. In point of roguery, the Mulattoes would beat the Americans if they could, but they want the intellect; in the meaner passions, in presumption, in ignorance, and in bad manners, they “whip creation,” bating the negroes. Of the negroes he entertains the worst opinion we have yet seen put forth by any man of “nous,” experience, and some literature. As regards intellect, their qualities are of the lowest order; and their passions, where they rise above the animal, of the very vilest kind. Indeed, the redeeming feature of Jonathan's character is that he understands the black and colored races, and knows how to keep them under.

The opportunity that enabled Mr. Day to form his conclusions was a visit, extending over five years, which he made to the West India Islands. His starting-point was America; but what object took him to the States, or subsequently to the West Indies, does not clearly appear. He visited nearly all our colonies, except Demerara and Jamaica, and remained some time at each; establishing himself at hotels or taking lodgings, and exploring the interior, it would seem, for pleasure, curiosity, or a love of art. In addition to his free remarks upon the manners and characters of all classes, with illustrative anecdotes, Mr. Day furnishes many striking pictures of landscape and natural phenomena, with some useful hints as to the climate. This, he says, in many of the islands, and in well-selected spots, is not nearly so deadly as is supposed.

St. Vincent is certainly a noble island, as well as highly salubrious; but the windward side is to be preferred for health. The West India islands, generally, are by no means the bugbears they were formerly considered. The change is not in the climate, but in the habits of Europeans, who, instead of going drunk to bed at two o'clock every morning, now retire to

rest sober at nine or ten. But even yet many of the West India habits are so opposed to common sense, the wonder is that the people live half as long as they do. Sea-bathing is, from sharks and sea-eggs, dangerous, but almost every house has a cold bathing-tank, into which they get and soak, so that no reaction can possibly take place. A shower-bath, that obvious and cheap resource in a hot climate, producing all the effects necessary for health, is almost, if not quite, unknown. About Kingston there are a few tanks for supplying the sugar-works with water, and here a few of the whites bathe. The habit of sitting in thorough draughts is also fatally prevalent. In St. Vincent I have suffered much more from cold consequent on the imprudent habits of the people, than from heat. I believe that a rational person, with correct ideas on the subject of health, may live longer without sickness in St. Vincent than he would in England; but the people, generally, are extremely ill-informed on most of the subjects that form part of the education of Europeans.

It is a curious fact, however, that, healthy as St. Vincent is, St. Lucia, only eighteen miles from the north point of the island, has the worst climate in all the West Indies, Tobago, perhaps, excepted.

The windward side of St. Vincent's, and, by parity of reasoning, of all the other islands, is, however, unfavorable for commercial purposes, and therefore not so well situated for plantations. The sites of the temples of Mammon all over the world, indeed, are comparatively unhealthy; and the West Indies is not yet a place of resort for the tourist or the invalid, though some spots are naturally well adapted for the purpose. To be sure, there wants a number of things to be supplied in the way of conveniences and passable roads.

Mr. Day has something of Cobbett's style about him, with a good many of Cobbett's prejudices. It is not that his statements, even when extreme, may be altogether untrue as regards the mere facts; but all the other and larger truths that should qualify them are left out. Annoyances are probably made too prominent—certainly enough allowance is not made for the peculiarities of the annoyances, since every place has some. Above all, the comparisons instituted are unfair; for it is unfair to expect from a petty island in an unpleasant and unhealthy climate, where people only go to make money, the same agremens, the same polish of manners, and the same intellectual activity, that are to be found in an imperial country or the capital of a great empire. The noise and jabbering of the negroes is very offensive to Mr. Day; but if he landed at any busy British seaport, and still more at any Irish, he would have noise enough, and touting enough, though it would probably take a different form, and be less offensive so far as familiar and ignorant impertinence was concerned. The negro dances at night with the unceasing tom-toms are doubtless disagreeable to a would-be sleeper; but so is any place of great resort anywhere—the neighborhood of the opera-house even; though the noise would be different—less barbarian, Mr. Day would hold. The picture of West Indian society is very dark, but probably true so far as it goes. “Smart” men, fraudulent

* Five Years' Residence in the West Indies. By Charles William Day, Esq., Author of “Hints on Etiquette.” In two volumes. Published by Colburn and Co.

dealers, pottfoggers, fomenting litigation and promoting law for the sake of its costs, corrupt or negligent officials, and downright swindlers, exist everywhere. In the West Indies, the matter of color and the familiar impertinence which seems inherent in the negro blood add bad manners to bad conduct. But the question is, whether Mr. Day is correct in affirming that these are the staple of the community. According to his account, there is neither a gentleman, a well-informed, nor even an honest man in the West Indies, except the military, a stray lawyer, doctor, or official, with here and there a merchant or planter. The old race of West Indians has died out; the better class of modern planters have left the country in disgust, or ruined; and their successors in trade or agriculture are of an inferior class—mostly, he says, low Scotchmen, who are among his antipathies.

As regards the prospects of the West Indies, Mr. Day agrees with those who predict the worst. The wishes of Lord John Russell and the Colonial Office are in the way of realization; there will be a Black Arcadia, minus the poetry and innocence. With some variety in mode, but with uniformity in result, Mr. Day predicts their possession by America; a series of Haytis; the expulsion of the whites, and black barbarism. His opinions as to the impending ruin are distinct; his ideas as to causes are not always consistent, or thoroughly conclusive. In the islands he visited, which, except Trinidad, are more or less densely peopled, the rate of wages would not seem to be the only or the main difficulty. Wages do not appear to have been very exorbitant; and, as they varied in amount with the quantity of the work done and the kind of the laborer—the negro getting more than the Indian Coolie—it may be assumed that there is some check upon the laborer. The labor difficulty seems to rest in its uncertainty; the planter can never be sure of getting it when he wants it. The negro, having enough for his semi-barbarous wants in his provision-ground, and animated by the caprice of all savages, will only work when he pleases, and perhaps goes off at a most critical time. Want of capital seems to have something to do with the planter's difficulties now. Estates are too frequently bought on credit; so that the planter begins in debt and hampered. Even when this is not the case, there seems to be a general lack of means. The following, the only direct fact we remember of the kind, is dropped into a footnote on Trinidad.

This year, 1818, (the worst for planters,) Signor Guiseppé, of Valsyn estate, made five hundred and seventy hogsheads of sugar. He paid higher wages than any other planter in the colony, and went to the extra expense of coal when the rainy weather did not permit the use of trash or "mogass"; yet, after paying all expenses, he cleared sixteen thousand dollars, or three thousand two hundred pounds. Monsieur Bayer, whose estate is free from debt, has done as well. "Ah! but," says the general planter, "they had the capital to do so;" of course they had. "They were not in debt at home, as we are;" of course not. It merely shows that with a reasonable capital people can profitably carry on sugar-making, but that they cannot do so without any capital at all.

The description of the planters, in the close of this extract, applies to all the colonies, so far as Mr. Day's evidence is concerned, with moral ill qualities superadded to pecuniary embarrassment. In fact, they hardly seem, the people, to carry on

any respectable business. A mode of payment adopted more or less in many places, may, perhaps, have something to do with the unwillingness to labor continuously. The extract relates to Trinidad.

Here the negro laborers were still more insolent and insubordinate; treating their employers as the party favored by their labors. Never before did I so wish for whip and brand, to punish these wretches. British legislation for the colonies has indeed brought about these dire results.

I found that some of the insubordination arose from the doubts of the negroes as to whether they should ultimately get paid. It is nominally the practice to pay them every six weeks—a period which is often allowed to run on to within a day or two of three months; and as, *ad interim*, they have been compelled for want of cash to buy their necessities at a very high price at a shop belonging to the estate, the balance that they have to receive is often a very small one. The truth is, that in Trinidad the pay of the negro laborer is far too high—more than the sugar-planter can pay; being four bits or one shilling and eightpence per diem, a house rent-free, and nothing in the shape of taxes. Efforts are being made to reduce the price of labor, but it is stoutly resisted. Hence the necessity of paying at long periods, and bagging as much as possible through the high profits of the shop. A field negro seldom works more than five hours a day. In the boiling-house, during the crop season, it is different, as sugar-boiling is often not over until ten o'clock at night. Sometimes, indeed, they work as late as eleven; but then those so employed get more pay. Judging from the insolent demeanor and scowling brows of the negroes, I should scarcely be astonished if, when the estates are abandoned and these laborers are left quite to their own resources, they should rise and oust the whites altogether.

Notwithstanding the writer's prejudices, perhaps in consequence of them, the book is amusing, although the diatribes against the colored races become wearisome from repetition. The writer has an artist-like eye for scenery; and the descriptions of his many explorations and adventures, with the landscapes he saw, are good—as witness this ride and road on the windward coast of St. Vincent.

After passing three estates we came into the wild country; and wild in truth it was—the wildest that I ever saw. A mere bridle-path led along the brink of tremendous precipices, over a succession of enormously lofty headlands, with the sea leaping and breaking with a bellow of thunder immediately under us, though far, far below, for the greater part. These frightful precipices were partially concealed from us by a treacherous growth of under-brush, sea-side grape, with tendrils and parasitical plants pendant from the loftier trees, as at intervals there shot up a gru-gru, or a gree-gree, another variety of the palm tribe. At any place, one false step of the horse would have led to the inevitable destruction of its rider. The shore below us was choked with enormous boulders of dark trap.

Our road consisted of a succession of sharp ascents, up which our animals would scramble at a rate far too fast to be agreeable to the nerves, particularly when the rider was ignorant what the top, when gained, would lead to. The turns round huge trap rocks towering above our heads, were very sudden, and the rocky descents down which we plunged frightfully steep, and for the greater part of our ride the road was seldom visible more than a dozen yards before us. Occasionally a succession of sharp rocky descents brought us to the sea-shore, which was cov-

ered with black volcanic sand; and we would coast along for a quarter of a mile, opening on our left wide valleys of gru-gru palms and wild plantains, and so bristling with bushes as to defy the power of man to penetrate to the interior. Many of the trees were choked in the embraces of a dark green parasite, a species of ivy, and the majority had a multiplicity of long tendrils pendant from them. The mountains of the Soufrière, far above us, to which these valleys led, were covered with clouds.

Mr. Day greatly prefers foreigners settled in the West Indies, to the British—that is, the foreign civilians. A specimen of the French officers he encountered at Gaudaloupe resembled Mr. Angus Reach's picture more than Mr. Cobden's ideal.

The white civilians were extremely polite to us, but the marine officers maintained a different deportment. The hatred of England, so fostered by the Prince de Joinville, broke out in the most unprovoked and ungentlemanlike manner at the table-d'hôte. "I detest your country," said a captain of marines to my companion, Mr. W—; "if any remboulement should take place—if we could but once get alongside your ships—then you should see!" Then came "Waterloo," (muttered,) "Napoleon—St. Helena;" all this accompanied by clenched fists, gnashed teeth, and other symptoms of impotent rage. He said that twenty-five years ago, in St. Helena, a sentry had called him a "French dog." I pretended not to hear or understand; but my companion got rather excited. It is but fair to say, that the rest of the company not only took no part in this, but showed by their looks how much they disapproved of it. Still, in this out-of-the-way place, it was not a pleasant position for two strangers to be in, as the same animus was sufficiently visible in another captain of marines, a great brute in manner and language. However, the next morning this man came up, all smiles, offered his hand to me, and reverted to the plaisanterie of the evening before—a *mauvaise plaisanterie*, however. I affected to laugh the thing off, so the matter ended. The standard expletives of French liberty, equality, and fraternity, rattled about our ears all meal-time like the "Hailstone Chorus," repeated ad nauseum, whenever we sat down at table.

Our author is rather a judge of good living, and the subject is not omitted in his pages. Of the fruits, except the pine-apple, he thinks but little. The vaunted grenadilla of Trinidad he found "a bad imitation of a strawberry." The fish is inferior to that of Europe. Some of the game, if the lizard tribe and suchlike can be called game, are good when they can be got; but the meat and poultry are scarce and bad. On the whole, the days of West Indian joviality and hospitality are past. This is plantation fare.

The table of a bachelor-manager is seldom very amply supplied. Unless an agouti, a guana, or an opossum be shot, fresh meat is scarcely to be had. Fine fish, however, is plentiful, when the weather is calm enough for the boats to go out and the boatmen of the estate are not engaged in making sugar. A fowl or a pig may be slaughtered on the arrival of strangers; but salt fish and Irish salt beef are the general *pièces de résistance*. Boiled yams, with a soup of pigeon-peas, or callaloo, a sort of spinach-soup, having in it "tannier," (a waxy species of potato, that sticks to one's teeth, and is therefore somewhat disagreeable to eat,) forms the customary dinner. Soft bread must not be looked for; and large, square captain's biseuit, an inch thick, baked in America, is the usual substitute. Madeira and bitters, as a provocative, and whiskey or brandy and water, or as a *dernier resort*, rum, are the customary

solvents. Eggs, albeit from the mode of cooking uneatable to an Englishman, are plentiful enough. The eggs are never boiled, but merely put into hot water, and thus brought to table. Egg-cups there are none.

The "tippie" is not bad. European productions are procurable at comparatively reasonable rates, and the native compounds are good.

The West Indies is the country for drinks, and for the most extravagant intemperance. Imagine a draught of delectable compound, composed of brandy, rum, wine, and porter, with lime-peel and nutmeg. This compound is appropriately designated rattle-skull. In fact, there is a free and easy style of living here, worthy of Ireland in its palmiest days. Another potation, called cocoa-nut julep, cannot be passed over, being worthy of Ganymede. It is the water of young green cocoa-nuts, poured into a glass goblet, holding at least half a gallon; and to this is added the gelatine which the said nuts contain, sweetened, *secundum artem*, with refined sugar and Hollands gin. Without hyperbole, this is a delicious drink.

[We add a notice from the Examiner.]

Five Years' Residence in the West Indies, by Charles Wm. Day, Esq., appears to be exactly such a book as "the author of *Hints on Etiquette*" might be expected to present to us on that locality. He cannot abide the blacks. He is positively boiling over with rage at them. What else could have been looked for from a traveller with any reasonable ideas of the etiquette of proper society? A modern philosopher has drawn Black Quashee up to his ears in idleness and pumpkins, a picture by no means popular at Exeter Hall; but really the pencil of our friend Mr. Day, even to his of the Latter Day, is as though dipped in Erebus and the darkest night. His black man, or Mr. Day's blacking of him—how shall we describe! A nasty, dirty, ignorant, cunning, impudent, idle, cruel, malignant, ugly, lazy, venomous, unnatural, hateful, absurd, idiotic, bad-smelling below-humanity-degraded, radical-newspaper editing creature! Mr. Day adapts Scripture to his purpose, and tells us in inverted commas that "The Ethiop cannot change his skin, nor the white man amalgamate with the black," proceeding to say that in addition to Scripture—that is, Mr. Day's Scripture,—“Nature has forbidden it, unless to the utterly depraved.” Imagine such a creature as this being allowed absolutely to “save money and invest it in land!” “In fact,” Mr. Day adds with undissembled horror, “he becomes a small proprietor, and being his own, he cultivates the land very carefully, living on half the produce, and finding a ready market for the rest.” Horrible! As for what a man might remark from his experience of such of the race as he may himself have seen here in England to say nothing of his inferences from even the fact just stated, Mr. Day won't hear of it. “The isolated specimens seen in England afford no more idea of the race than an *Audience at Almack's* reveals of Jonathan on his own pinnacle at Marblehead.” You see where Mr. Day picked up his ideas. The Americans he has been in the habit of meeting with, he has met at Almack's. It was a very different matter, when he went and saw them crowing on their own dunghills. This was too much for him; and he was positively driven to the West Indies, because, after three years' residence in America, he got tired of that disagreeable people. Thus, if he found himself in the fire, it was out of the frying-pan;

for his account of the Americans is that they are a mean, pompous people, who like to practise shabbiness, knavery, villany, lying, and dirty tricks, but (naturally enough) *don't* like to get the character of doing it. As for the Creole, too, he is as bad as either. "The prevailing tastes are more tawdry than even amongst the Americans. Once heard, the Creole drawl is never forgotten. They positively speak broken English." But what is this to other offences? *E. g.* "There is something very ludicrous to a stranger on seeing a negress in a low dress." What one sees at Almack's to see on a nigger woman, you know! Again—"As a race of utterly mindless people, the negroes are fond of noise, and in a very short time, the barbarism of such sounds thoroughly overpowers all other feelings!" One's nerves, you know! To be sure, Donizetti's drums and trumpets are a little popular at Almack's, but then Donizetti is a Christian and an Italian, not a nasty nigger man. Can you wonder, then, that "to any one accustomed to the highly educated, elegant, and *spirituelle* female society of Europe," such as the author of *Hints on Etiquette* must necessarily be, nothing on earth could present itself "more disagreeable than the absence of all conversable women in these out-of-the-way colonies!" Is not your heart moved to think of such a luminary of the ball-room, light of fashion, authority of Almack's, Justinian of St. James', extinguished in those hideous tropics? "Often," says Mr. Day, with simple pathos, "often at sunset have I paraded the little wooden jetty of Port of Spain, and mused over the difference of scene that Milan, Venice, or Genoa, would at such an hour present, saddened to think that the lovely tropics should be desecrated by the presence of such a miserable race," &c., &c. It is heart-breaking; and we must close the book. In giving prominence to Mr. Day's point of view we enable the reader generally to infer what the two volumes in other respects contain. Sir John Pakington will find their politics thoroughly in accordance with his own, and thoughtful folk may find it worth while to remark that Almack's and its kid-gloved frenzy of dislike against the nasty nigger, comes to pretty much the same thing after all as Exeter Hall and its broad-brimmed fanaticism of love to the negro friend and brother. At the same time it would be unjust to close Mr. Day's volumes, full as we think them of bad taste, bad reasoning, and foolish politics, without saying that much of the writing is easy and clever, and many of the descriptions life-like and laughable.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE POET OF HOPE AND THE DANISH PROFESSOR.

DOES any of our readers recollect *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, which appeared either in 1823 or 1824, and, with every appearance of health and longevity, reached only six numbers, and then died suddenly? Yes—Charles Lever does, for one; for we have often talked with him of this sparkling, fresh-breathing periodical, which was redolent of youth and buoyancy, and teeming with bright and sunny pictures of life's cosmorama. We believe it died from disagreement among the contributors, more than one of whom, then very young men, have since attained distinguished positions in the ranks of literature. Whoever sees these six numbers in a sale catalogue, or at a book-stall, would do well to expend his money in the purchase, which he is not likely to repent. They are

models of magazine writing in the light infantry department; and, with one or two other inciting causes, first helped to seduce our veritable self into the flowery or thorny paths of literature, according as they may prove when trodden. About that time, 1823, in Edinburgh, a knot of aspiring spirits, who were all equally bitten with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, formed themselves into a club, who agreed to sup together once a week at Ambrose's; and, before the convivial portion of the evening commenced, each member was to produce and read a contribution, either in verse or prose. The intention was to publish regularly, as soon as sufficient materials were collected. Already we dreamed of a periodical, which should shake the supremacy of the *Edinburgh*, distance the *Quarterly*, and throw *Blackwood* into the shade. But our dreams evaporated in broiled bones, devilled kidneys, and innumerable tumbler of whiskey toddy. We never published a single number. What became of the contributions I cannot recollect; but I shrewdly suspect the world has lost nothing by their disappearance. Among our members was a learned Dane, Professor Feldborg, as he designated himself, who came to Edinburgh with several good introductions from London, including one from Campbell, the Bard of Hope, to the Great Magician of Abbotsford. The worthy professor carried about prospectuses and specimens of a work to be published in numbers, when a sufficient number of subscribers was obtained, and entitled "Denmark Delineated." I know not whether this work was ever completed; but the members of the club, to encourage the Professor, took the stray numbers as they appeared. The work was not without merit. The engravings were well executed, and the letter-press contained an interesting biography of Peter Fjersom, the Danish translator of Shakspeare; with, as a matter of course, for the particular benefit of English contributors, a very minute description of Hamlet's garden, at Elsinore, including the exact spot where Hamlet Senior was poisoned during his siesta, by his unnatural brother. The worthy Professor was heavy; and some malicious wags, by a slight alteration of his patronymic, sobriqueted him into the "Fell Bore." But he travelled with a "lion," which he never failed to exhibit when anxious to excite attention. This lion was a copy of verses, complimentary and extemporaneous, sent to him by Thomas Campbell, with a present of his poetical works. The history of these verses he was very proud of dilating on, and, when pressed, would occasionally repeat them; but he declared himself irrevocably bound by a solemn promise never to suffer a copy to be taken. He was requested to give one for our first number, but he was inexorable. A member of the club, with a "pestilently" retentive memory, heard him repeat the verses twice, and, when he went home, wrote them down without a single mistake, in a feigned hand. At the next symposium, the president reproached the Professor with refusing to the club what he had given to strangers, and produced the manuscript, which he said had been sent to him (as it was) under a pledge of confidence. Feldborg was petrified. There was no denying the accuracy of the copy; it was witchcraft. He could not comprehend it. He had never given such a thing to mortal man; but still the evidence confounded him. The paper was surrendered, that he might trace it, if possible. He was never let into the secret, but retired in disgust, and we heard no more of him. Here follow the verses, which are curious in themselves, indisputably Campbell's, and, as far as we believe, have never before appeared in print:—

TO PROFESSOR FELDBORG, WITH A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

Think me not, Danish stranger, a hard-hearted Pagan,
If, 'mongst my war-songs, you find one called Copenhagen!

I thought when your state joined the Emperor Paul,
We'd a right to play with you the Devil and all !
But the last time our fleet went your city to batter,
That attack I pronounced a most scandalous matter;
I gave it my curse, and I wrote on 't a satire—
To braise such an action of sin, shame, and sorrow,
I'll be hanged if I'd be made Laureate to-morrow !
There is not, take my word for 't, a true Englishman
glories

In that deed—'t was a deed of our mercilese Tories—
Whom we hate, though they rule us ; and I can assure
ye,

They had swung for 't, if England had sat as their jury.
But a truce to remembrances blackened with pain ;
Here's a health to yourself, and your country, dear
Dane !

As our nations are blended in language and kind,
May the ties of our blood be the ties of the mind,
And confusion to him who our peace would unbind !
May you leave us with something like love for our na-
tion,

Though we're still cursed with Castlereagh's admin-
istration !

But whenever you go, or wherever you ramble,
Think there's one left in England, that loves you—

TOM CAMPBELL.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOPE DEFERRED.

FROM THE SPANISH OF TAPIA.

HEART ! that the pang dost bear,
The weary pang of hope's delay,
Hope on !—nor let thy faith decay.
Though hope be tardy ere
It comes, need'st thou for that despair ?

Heart ! that to soothe thine ill,
On hope's fair promise wouldst rely,
Dost hope thy recompense deny,
Nor yet thy wish fulfil ?
Hold fast thy faith and patience still !

Firm heart, in quiet wait !
So may the faith that hath endured
Be blessed at length by hope assured.
Delay, though long and late,
May not hope's life annihilate.

ON THE MODE OF MANUFACTURING PEMMICAN.—In April, 1847, I had the advantage of an interview with Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-chief of Rupert's Land, who was then on a visit to England, and of concerting with him the measures necessary for the future progress of the expedition ; and I may state here that he entered warmly into the projects for the relief of his old acquaintance, Sir John Franklin ; and from him I received the kindest personal attention, and that support which his thorough knowledge of the resources of the country and his position as governor enabled him so effectively to bestow. He informed me that the stock of provisions at the various posts in the Hudson's Bay territories was unusually low, through the failure of the bison hunts on the Saskatchewan, and that it would be necessary to carry out pemmican from this country, adequate not only to the ulterior purpose of the voyage to the Arctic Sea, but also to the support of the party during the interior navigation in 1847 and 1848. I therefore obtained authority from the Admiralty to manufacture, forthwith, the requisite quantity of that kind of food in Clarence Yard ; and as I shall have frequent occasion to allude to it in the subsequent narrative, it may be well to describe in this place the mode of its preparation. The round or buttock of beef, of the best quality, having been cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared away, was dried in a malt-kiln over an oak fire, until its moisture was entirely dissipated, and the fibre of the meat became friable. It was then ground in a malt-mill, when it resembled finely

grated meat. Being next mixed with nearly an equal weight of melted beef suet or lard, the preparation of plain pemmican was complete ; but to render it more agreeable to the unaccustomed palate, a proportion of the best Zante currants was added to part of it, and part was sweetened with sugar. Both these kinds were much approved of in the sequel by the consumers, but more especially that to which the sugar had been added. After the ingredients were well incorporated, by stirring, they were transferred to tin canisters, capable of containing 85 lb. each ; and having been firmly rammed down, and allowed to contract further by cooling, the air was completely expelled and excluded by filling the canister to the brim with melted lard, through a small hole in the end, which was then covered with a piece of tin, and soldered up. Finally, the canister was painted and lettered according to its contents. The total quantity of pemmican thus made was 17,424 lb., at a cost of 1s. 7½d. a pound. But the expense was somewhat greater than it would otherwise have been, from the inexperience of the laborers, who required to be trained, and from the necessity of buying meat in the London market at a rate above the contract price, occasioned by the bullocks slaughtered by the contractor for the naval force at Portsmouth being inadequate to the supply of the required number of rounds. Various temporary expedients were also resorted to in drying part of the meat, the malt-kiln and the whole Clarence Yard being at that time fully occupied night and day in preparing flour and biscuit for the relief of the famishing population of Ireland. By the suggestions of Messrs. Davis and Grant, the intelligent chief officers of the victualling yard, and their constant personal superintendence, every difficulty was obviated.

As the meat in drying loses more than three fourths of its original weight, the quantity required was considerable, being 35,651 lb.* and the sudden abstraction of more than one thousand rounds of beef from Leadenhall market occasioned speculation among the dealers, and a rise in the price of a penny a pound, with an equally sudden fall when the extra demand was found to be very temporary.†

The natives dry their venison by exposing the thin slices to the heat of the sun, on a stage, under which a small fire is kept, more for the purpose of driving away the flies by the smoke than for promoting exsiccation ; and then they pound it between two stones on a bison hide. In this process the pounded meat is contaminated by a greater or smaller admixture of hair and other impurities. The fat which is generally the suet of the bison, is added by the traders, and they complete the process by sewing up the pemmican in a bag of undressed hide with the hairy side outwards. Each of these bags weighs 90 lb., and obtains from the Canadian voyagers the designation of "an taureau." A superior pemmican is produced by mixing finely powdered meat, sifted from impurities, with marrow fat, and the dried fruit of the Amelanchier.—Sir J. Richardson.

* By drying, this was reduced to about 8000 lb.

† Particulars of the estimated expense of pemmican manufactured in the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard in midsummer quarter, 1847 :—

Fresh beef, 35,651 lb. at 6½d. per lb.	£979 10 1	
Lard, 7,549 " " 88s. per cwt.	296 11 4	
Currants, 1,008 " " 84s. per cwt.	37 10 0	
Sugar, 280 " " 31s. 2½d.	3 17 11	
		£1317 18 4
Oak slabs, 46 fms. at 22s. 6d. per load.	£47 5 0	
Hire for laborers,	59 8 8	
Hire of kiln and cartage,	8 1 0	
		114 14 8
		£1432 10 0
Deduct for scraps of fat sold,	35 18 1	
		£1396 11 11

Quantity of pemmican manufactured, 17,424 lb. :
average cost per lb., 1s. 7½d.

From the Times.

IRELAND.

THE worst feature of a thoroughly unfortunate and ill-conditioned country is, that you never know when you may venture to find in it a subject of safe congratulation. Its very blessings may be curses, and its boasts the mere cloak of some lurking evil. If it is tranquil, it may be oppressed by bad laws and consumed by soldiery; if the rights of property and the obligations of law are respected, it may be that the produce passes from the soil to feed the pleasures and the pride of absentees; if the population increases, it is as rabbits in a warren, where it has neither right nor support; if charity abounds, it is towards mendicants; if improvements are attempted, they are rash speculations or fraudulent jobs, at the expense of private simpletons or the public exchequer; if a district is cleared of an excessive population, it is by famine, or fever, or still more fatal evictions; if the people emigrate, they fly from death, and travel in anguish, to carry national animosities into the land of a rival. If religion thrives, it is superstitious; if superstition is driven out, it is by the force of bribes, to yield to hypocrisy or indifference. If there is public spirit, it assumes the form of faction, and if faction is extinguished, principle also expires. If public opinion, or a casual instinct of generosity, calls home the absentee, his mansion is first the home of an injudicious hospitality; then an example of extravagance, folly, and vice; then a source of calamity and general distrust. The best men only go there to peril their fortune, their peace, and their fame. Patriotism is there in fetters, in jeopardy, or in disguise. The most heroic and costly efforts are there twisted into evils. They that give are forgotten. They that lend are repaid with curses. They that trust are imposed upon. They that teach are reviled. As they say of poor cattle, all the food of such a nation is taken into "a bad skin." It never will do well. You can never get at the rights of its quarrel, for its misery is unfathomable. If the retiring waves seem to leave anywhere one spot of solid earth, you put your foot on it and find it a treacherous quicksand.

THE UNKNOWN SHIPS.—Slowly drifting down from the frozen seas of the North, to lose themselves in the waters towards the Equator, annually come vast herds of icy rocks; crags that would be immortal in their native deserts, where land and water forget their separate nature in the common rigor of the iron frost; but, wandering down to more living waters, those rock pinnacles melt and die. Among the herd last year was a field or floe of ice, and on that floe were two ships, idle and deserted, performing a strange, helpless voyage. One smaller vessel, going to Quebec, sails near them, and they pass on their way, not unseen, as well they might have done; but they were neglected. Many in the Quebec-bound vessel wished to explore those deserted wandering homes, but the master was sick and listless and would not be disturbed. Were they Franklin's ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*? the question occurred to one person on board, but it was unsolved; and now, a year after the event, Admiralty and public are engaged in seeking evidence.

At first the story was point-blank disbelieved; then it was credited as a tale of a delusive apparition, a mirage; then it was thought possible that

ships there might have been, but not Franklin's—only wrecked whalers. Now, however, the details of a minute examination strengthen the probability that the ships were Franklin's. No one can know; no one can as yet deny it. It is mournful to reflect, that if they were the historic ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, the last known of them should be that passing sight on their voyage of mystery.

How much one would give to know all that might have been learned, positively or even negatively, from those ships! There were men on board the brig who felt the impulse, although they did not know that a reward had been offered for the discovery. The mate, in laudable curiosity, wished "to rummage the cabins." Had he done so we should have known what the vessels were. But he did not obtain permission from the sick and listless master. Perhaps, if the reward had been known, the listlessness of disease might have been roused to animation at the report of two ships so strangely stranded. But the golden incentive was wanting, and the ships were abandoned to drift down to the sunny seas where the floating ice-dock would melt, and its burden be yielded to the waters for the quiet consumption of fate.

Spectator, 24 April.

WILD ANIMALS IN CONFINEMENT.—Were it not that custom reconciles us to everything, a Christian community would surely be shocked by the report, and still more by the sight, of the sacrifice of innocent and helpless creatures—pigeons and rabbits, for instance—to the horrible instincts of snakes, who will not eat anything but what is alive. An account was recently given of a night-visit to the place of confinement of these disgusting reptiles, in which the evident horror of their intended victims, confined in the same cages, was distinctly mentioned. The gratification of mere curiosity does not justify the infliction of such torture on the lower animals. Surely the sight of a stuffed boa-constrictor ought to content a reasonable curiosity. Imagine what would be felt if a child were subjected to such a fate, or what could be answered if the present victims could tell their agonies as well as feel them. Byron speaks of the barbarians who, in the wantonness of power, were "butchered to make a Roman holiday;" and verily the horrors exhibited in our public gardens and menageries are something akin to the fights of gladiators; it is the infliction of misery for mere sport. With reference also to lions, tigers, and other ferocious animals kept in cages—if retained at all, the space allotted them ought to be much larger than it is, so as to allow them full room for healthful exercise. At present they must be wretched; and considering also the quantity of food they consume, which might be converted to useful purposes—though this is taking a lower view of the matter—it is at least desirable that the number should be much smaller, and a much greater space allowed them to exhibit their natural vivacity. These remarks do not, of course, apply to fowls and other animals who are allowed a sufficient share of liberty to exist in comfort, and to whom it is not necessary to sacrifice the existence of other creatures.—*Ogden's Friendly Observer.*

[We entirely agree in reproaching the practice of placing live rabbits and other creatures within the cages of boa-constrictors. A recollection of a poor little rabbit cowering in the corner of one of these cages, as if aware of its approaching fate, has haunted us for years. No purpose of science can be answered by this constantly recurring barbarity. Zoological Societies should be careful not to run any risk of counteracting by such spectacles the elevated feelings they are so well calculated to foster.—*Ed. Chambers' Jour.*]

From Sharpe's Magazine.

BLIND ROSA.

BY HENRIK CONSCIENCE.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HOWITT.

On a splendid summer day in 1846 the diligence was rolling along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnhout at the regular hour. The horses trotted, the wheels rattled, the carriage creaked, the driver clucked incessantly with his tongue in order to quicken the speed of his cattle, dogs barked in the distance, birds soared up from the fields high into the air, the shadow sped alongside of the diligence, and danced along with its peculiar motion amongst the trees and bushes.

Suddenly the conductor pulled up not far from a solitary inn. He leaped down from his seat, opened the door of the diligence without saying a word, slapped down the step, and put out his hand to a traveller, who, with a knapsack in his hand, descended to the road. In the same silence the conductor again put up the step, closed the door, sprang again into his seat, and whistled gently to intimate to the horses that they must move. The horses trotted on; the heavy vehicle pursued its monotonous career.

In the mean time the traveller had entered the inn, and seated himself at a table with a glass of ale before him. He was a man of more than ordinary size, and appeared to be about fifty. You might at the same time have supposed him to be sixty, if his vigorous carriage, his quick glance, and a certain youthful smile about his lips, had not testified that his soul and senses were much younger than his appearance. His hair was gray, his forehead and cheeks covered with wrinkles, and his complexion bore the stamp of early age which excessive exertion and long-continued care impress on the countenance. Yet, at the same time, his breast heaved with vigor, he bore his head upright, and his eyes still gleamed with the fire of manhood. By his dress you would take him for a wealthy citizen; it had nothing peculiar, except that the frock-coat buttoned to the throat, and the large meerschauim pipe, which hung at his breast, bespoke a Flemish or a German officer.

The people of the house, having attended to his demands, again returned to their occupations, without taking further notice of him. He saw the two daughters go to and fro, the father renew the fire with wood and turf, and the mother fill the kettle with water; but not one of them addressed to him a single word, though his eyes followed earnestly every member of the family, and although in his friendly glance might have been read the question—"Do you not recognize me?"

At this moment his attention was caught by the striking of a clock which hung upon the wall. As if the sound had painfully affected him, an expression of disagreeable surprise appeared in his countenance, and chased the smile from his lips. He stood up and contemplated the unlucky clock while it went sounding stroke after stroke, to the number of nine. The mother observed the singular emotion of the stranger, and placed herself in wonder at his side; she too looked at the clock, as if to discover what he found so remarkable in it.

"The clock has a pleasant sound—has it not?" said she. "It has now gone for twenty years without the hand of the clockmaker touching it."

"Twenty years!" sighed the traveller. "And where, then, is the clock which hung there before!"

What has become of the image of the Virgin which stood here upon the mantle-piece? They are both probably broken and gone."

The woman looked in astonishment at the stranger, and replied—"The figure of the Virgin Zanna broke as she played with it as a child. But it was really so pitiful, that the priest himself had advised us to buy another. Here stands the new one, and it is much handsomer."

The traveller shook his head dissentingly. "And the clock," continued the hostess, "you will soon hear. The wretched old thing is always too late, and has hung from time immemorial in the lumber-room. There! now it is just beginning to buzz."

And, in truth, there came from the adjoining room a peculiar croaking noise. It was like the hoarse note of a bird which slowly wheezed out "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" But this extraordinary sound called into the traveller's countenance a beaming smile; accompanied by the hostess, he hastened into the lumber-room, and there with glistening eyes gazed on the old clock, which still had not got to the end of its "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

Both daughters approached the stranger with curiosity, and stared with wonder at him, their large eyes turning from him to their mother full of inquiry. The looks of the damsels awoke the stranger to consciousness, and he returned to the room, followed by the three women. His heart clearly felt very happy, for his features glowed with so attractive an expression of pleasure and good-will, and his eyes bedewed with tears glanced so brightly, that the two young girls with evident sympathy approached him. He seized their hands and said:—

"You think my conduct strange, eh, children! You cannot conceive why the voice of the old cuckoo delights me so much. Ah! I too have been a child, and at that time, my father, when he had done his work, used to come and drink here his glass of ale. When I had behaved well, I was allowed to accompany him. For whole hours have I stood and waited for the cuckoo opening its little door; I have danced and leaped to the measure of her song, and admired in my childish simplicity the poor bird as a master-piece. And the sacred image of the Virgin, which one of you has broken, I loved it for its beautiful blue mantle, and because the little Jesus-child stretched its arms towards me, and smiled as I smiled. Now is the child—myself—almost sixty years old, with gray hair and furrowed countenance. Four-and-thirty years have I passed in the steppes of Russia, and yet I remember the sacred image of Mary, and the cuckoo, as if I had only been brought hither by my father yesterday."

"You are from our village, then?" said Zanna.

"Yes, certainly," answered the stranger with a joyous precipitance. But this announcement had not the anticipated effect; the girls only smiled familiarly; that was all; the intelligence seemed to give them neither pleasure nor pain. The traveller turned to the mother:—

"Well," said he, "what is become of Baas Joostens?"

"You mean Baas Jan," answered the hostess; "he died about twenty years ago."

"And his wife, the good stout Petronella?"

"Dead too," was the answer.

"Dead! dead!" sighed the stranger; "and the young herdsman, Andries, who made such handsome baskets?"

"Also dead," replied the hostess.

The traveller dropped his head and gave himself up to gloomy thoughts. In the mean time the hostess went out into the barn to relate to her husband what had passed with the unknown guest. The host entered the room carelessly, and awoke by his noisy wooden shoes the stranger out of his reverie. He sprang up, and, with an exclamation of delight, rushed with outstretched arms towards the host, who coldly took his hand, and almost with indifference looked at him.

"Don't you either know me again, Peter Joostens?" cried the stranger, quite confounded.

"No, I do not recollect ever to have seen you," replied the host.

"No! Don't you know who it was that ventured his life under the ice to rescue you from an otherwise inevitable death?"

The host shrugged his shoulders. Deeply wounded, the traveller continued, almost moved to tears:—

"Have you actually forgotten the youth who defended you against your bigger comrades, and supplied you with so many birds' eggs, that you might make a beautiful garland for the May-pole? He who taught you to make so many pipes of reeds, and who so often took you with him when he went with the tile-burner's cart to market?"

"Something of the kind floats dimly in my memory," answered the host; "my late father used to tell me that when I was about six years old I was very near perishing under the ice; but that tall Jan drew me out, and that he went away with the rest in the emperor's time to serve for cannon fodder. Who knows now where his bones lie in unconsecrated earth! God be merciful to his poor soul!"

"Ah! now at length you know me!" exclaimed the stranger joyously; "I am tall Jan, or rather, Jan Slaets."

As he did not receive an immediate answer, he added in surprise:—

"You recollect the good shot at the bird-shooting, who for four miles round was reckoned the best sportsman, who every time carried off the prize, and who was envied by the young men because the girls showed him the preference? I am he, Jan Slaets of the hill."

"Very possible," said the host, incredulously; "at the same time, do not take it amiss, my good sir, if I do not remember you. Our village has no longer a bird-shooting; the shooting-ground is converted into private property, and for a year past has been unoccupied, owing to the death of the possessor."

Deterred by the cold reception of the host, the traveller gave up the attempt to make himself known; but, as he prepared to go further, he said calmly:—

"In the village here there live a good many of my friends who cannot have forgotten me. You, Peter Joostens, were very young at that time. I am persuaded that the brick-maker, Paul, will rush to my arms the moment that he sees me. Does he yet live in the clay dale?"

"The brick-yard became, many years ago, a prey to the flames; the clay-field is cultivated, and bears now the finest hay. The meadow now belongs to the rich Mr. Tirt."

"And what has become of Paul?"

"After their misfortunes, the whole family went away. . . I do not know certainly, perhaps he too is dead. But I observe that you talk of our grandfathers' time, and it will be difficult to get

answers to all your questions unless you go to the grave-digger. He can reckon up for you on his fingers what has happened for a hundred years past, or more."

"I can believe that; Peter Jan must have reached his ninetieth year."

"Peter Jan! That is not the name of the grave-digger; his name is Lauw Stevens."

A glad smile illumined the countenance of the traveller.

"God be praised," he exclaimed, "that he has at least left one of my comrades still in life!"

"Indeed! was Lauw your friend, sir?"

"Not exactly my friend," replied the traveller, shaking his head: "we were always at logger-heads. Once, in the heat of our strife, I flung him from the little bridge into the brook, so that he ran great risk of drowning; but above thirty years are flown since then. Lauw will be glad to see me again. Give me now your hand, good Joostens; I shall often come to drink a glass of ale with you here."

He paid, took his knapsack under his arm and went out. Behind the inn he took his way through a young pine-wood. His interview with the host, although not very animating, had, nevertheless infused comfort into the heart of the traveller. Memories from his childhood transported him; memories at every step crowded upon him, and gave him new life. True, the young wood could say nothing to him; in its place stood formerly a tall pine-wood, whose trees had concealed so many birds' nests, under whose shade the refreshing bilberries had ripened. It had fared with the wood as with the inhabitants of the village—the old trees had fallen, or were cut down, and a new generation, who were strange and indifferent to him, had taken their places. But the songs of the birds which resounded on all sides were still the same; the wind murmured complainingly as before through the branches; the cricket sang as it used to do, and the fresh aroma of the wood still filled the air. All objects had changed, but the work of eternal nature had continued in its principal features the same. Thoughts like these arose in the traveller's soul, and now glad and inspirited he continued his way without looking up from the ground till he came out of the wood.

Here opened before his eyes the wide extent of fields and meadows, amongst which the brook's silvery thread coursed playfully its way. In the background, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the pointed spire of the church lifted aloft its gilded vane, which gleamed in the sunshine like a morning-star; and still beyond it the windmill whirled its red wings.

Overcome by an unspeakable emotion, the traveller stood still—his eyes filled with tears, he let his knapsack fall, and stretched out his arms, while his countenance glowed with love and rapture. At the same moment the bells rang for Angelus. The traveller fell on his knees, sunk his head deep upon his bosom, and continued thus for a considerable time, immovable though trembling. A prayer streamed up from his heart and lips; this was evident as he cast his eyes full of inward thankfulness towards heaven, and lifted his clasped hands to God. He then took up again his knapsack, and said, with his gaze riveted on the church-tower:—"Thou at least hast not become changed, thou little church, in which I was baptized, in which I celebrated my first communion, in which all looked to me so wonderful and so holy. Yes, I

shall see them again, the Sacred Virgin in her garments of gold, and her silver diadem; St. Anthony with the little friendly swine; St. Ursula and the devil with the red tongue, of which I so often dreamed; and the organ, upon which the sexton played so beautifully, while we sung with all our hearts—

Ave Maria
Gratia plena!"

The last words the traveller sung aloud, while a tear trickled down his cheek. Silent and dreaming he went on till he came to a little bridge, which led over a brook into a meadow. There his countenance brightened, and he said with emotion:—"Here I first pressed Rosa's hand! Here our eyes confessed for the first time that there is a happiness on earth which seizes irresistibly our hearts, and opens heaven to the young! As now, so then shone the yellow iris flower in the sunshine; the frogs croaked full of the enjoyment of life, and the lark sang above our heads."

He went over the bridge, and said aloud to himself:—"The frogs which witnessed our love are dead; the flowers are dead; the larks are dead!—Their children now greet the old man, who, like a spectre, returns home from the past times. And Rosa, my beloved Rosa! livest thou still! Perhaps . . . probably married and surrounded by children. Those who stay at home forget so soon the unhappy brother who wanders over distant lands in sorrow and care." . . . His lips moved as if he were smiling:—"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "there wells up again in my heart the old jealousy, as if my heart yet remained in its first spring. The time of love is long gone by! . . . But so be it; if she only knows me, and remembers our former relation, I shall not repent the long journey of eighteen hundred miles, and will then willingly lie down in my grave, and sleep by the side of my ancestors and friends!"

A little further, and near the village, he went into a public-house, on whose sign there was a plough, and bade the hostess bring him a glass of ale. In the corner by the fire sat a very old man, who stared into the fire as immovably as a stone. Before the hostess had returned from the cellar, the traveller had recognized the old man. He drew his chair close to him, seized his hand, and said gladly:—

"Thank God, who has let us live so long, Baes Joos! We yet remain from the good old time. Don't you know me again? No! The audacious lad that so often crept through your hedge, and stole your apples before they were ripe?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" muttered the old man, without moving.

"Very likely, but tell me, Baes Joos, is the wainwright's Rosa living yet?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" repeated the old man with a hollow voice.

The hostess came with the ale, and said:—"He is blind and deaf, sir, don't give yourself the trouble to talk with him; he cannot understand you."

"Blind and deaf!" exclaimed the stranger, disconcerted. "What irreparable devastations time commits in the space of thirty years! I walk here in the midst of the ruin of a whole race of men."

"You were asking after the wainwright's Rosa?" continued the hostess; "our wainwright has four daughters, but amongst them is no Rosa. The eldest is called Lisbeth, and is married to the foot-

man; the second is named Goude, and makes caps; the third is Nell! and the youngest Anna: the poor thing is short-sighted."

"I am not speaking of these people," exclaimed the stranger with impatience; "I mean the family of Kobe Meulinck."

"Ah, they are all dead long ago, dear sir!" was the hostess' reply.

Deeply agitated, the traveller paid for his ale, and left the public-house with a feverish impetuosity. Out of doors he pressed his hand upon his eyes, and exclaimed in despair:—"God! even she! my poor Rosa—dead! Always, always the inevitable word—dead! dead! Then shall no one on earth recognize me! Nor one kind eye shall greet me!"

With a staggering step, as if he were drunk, he plunged into the wood, and pressed his throbbing head against a tree, that he thus might by degrees recover himself. He then directed his course towards the village. His way led him across the solitary church-yard, where he remained standing with bare head at the foot of a crucifix, and said:—"Here, before the image of the Crucified One, Rosa gave me her word that she would remain true to me, and wait for my return. Sorrow overwhelmed us; upon this bench fell our tears; in deep grief she received the gold cross, my dearly purchased pledge of love. Poor beloved one, perhaps now I stand by thy grave!"

With this sorrowful observation he sank motionless upon the bench, where he long continued sitting, as if unconscious. His eye wandered over the church-yard, and the small mounds of earth which covered the freshest graves. It grieved him to see how many of the wooden crosses were fallen with age, without the hand of a child troubling itself to raise again these memorials on a father's or a mother's place of rest. His parents, too, slept here under the earth, but who could show him the spot which their graves occupied?

In this manner he sat long, sunk in gloomy reverie; the unfathomable eternity weighed heavily on his soul, when a human step awoke him out of his dreams. It was the old grave-digger, who, with his spade on his shoulder, came along by the church yard wall. Misery and indigence might be read in his whole exterior; his back was bent, and through his constant labor with the spade had become crooked; his hair was white, and wrinkles ploughed his brow; though strength and spirit still spoke in his eye.

The traveller recognized at the first glance Lauw—his rival, and would have willingly sprang towards him; but the bitterly disappointed hope which he had already experienced held him back, and inspired him with a resolve to say nothing, but to see whether Lauw would know him again.

The grave-digger remained standing some paces from him, contemplated him awhile with common curiosity, and then began to mark out a long square with his spade, and to prepare a new grave. From time to time, however, he continued to cast stolen glances at the man who sat before him on the bench, and a secret melancholy joy gleamed in his eyes. The traveller, who deceived himself as to the expression in the grave-digger's countenance, felt his heart begin to beat, and expected that Lauw would come forward and name his name.

But the grave-digger still continued to look him sharply in the face, and then put his hand into his coat pocket. He drew out a little old book, bound in dirty parchment, to which was attached a strap

with a led pencil. He turned round and appeared to write something in the book.

This action, accompanied by a triumphant glance, astonished the stranger so much that he stood up, advanced to the grave-digger, and asked him in surprise, "What do you write in your book?"

"That is my affair," answered Lauw Stevens; "for a confounded long time there has stood a vacant place in my list; I make a cross by your name."

"You know me, then?" exclaimed the traveller, with the liveliest joy.

"Know you?" answered the grave-digger, jeeringly; "that I cannot exactly say; I only remember, as if it were yesterday, that a jealous fellow flung me into the brook, and nearly drowned me, because the wainwright's Rosa loved me. Since that time many an Easter taper has burnt—"

"You did the wainwright's Rosa love?" said the stranger, interrupting him; "that is not true, let me tell you."

"You know that well enough, you jealous fool. Did not she wear for a whole year the blessed ring of silver that I brought with me from Scherpenhevel, till you yourself took the ring by force, and cast it into the brook?"

The traveller's countenance brightened into a melancholy smile.

"Lauw! Lauw! the recollection of the old times makes children of us again. Believe me, Rosa never loved you as you fancy. She took your ring out of friendship, and because it had been blessed. In my youth I was rude and harsh, and did not always act in the best manner towards my comrades; but should not the four-and-thirty years which have operated so annihilatingly on men and things, have calmed down our evil passions! Shall I, in the only man who has recollected me, find an irreconcilable enemy! Come, give me your hand; let us be friends; I will make you comfortable for your whole life."

But the grave-digger drew angrily his hand back, and answered in a caustic tone—

"It is too late to forget. You have embittered my life, and there passes no day but I think of you. Is that, think you, to bless your name! You, who contributed so much to my misfortune, may easily guess."

The traveller struck his trembling hands together, and, lifting his eyes towards heaven, exclaimed—

"God! hatred alone recognizes me! hate only never forgets!"

"You have done well," continued the grave-digger, "to come back to rest amongst your departed ancestors. I have kept a good grave for you. When the headstrong Long Jan lies under the earth, the rain will wash misery from his corpse."

The traveller trembled in every limb at this rude jest. Anger and displeasure kindled in his eyes. But this hasty emotion quickly vanished; dejection and pity took their place.

"You refuse," he said, "to extend your hand to a brother who returns after four-and-thirty years; the first greeting which you give to an old comrade is bitter mockery! That is not well of you, Lauw. But let it be so; we will speak no more of this. Tell me only where my late parents are laid."

"That I don't know," said the grave-digger; "it is full five-and-twenty years since, and since

that time the same spot has certainly been thrice used for new graves."

These words made the traveller so sorrowful, that his head sank on his bosom, and, with an immovable look, he continued lost in his melancholy thoughts.

The grave-digger proceeded with his labor, but he also seemed to linger over it, as if a gloomy thought had taken possession of him. He saw the deep suffering of the traveller, and was terrified at the thirst of revenge which had caused him thus to torture a fellow-mortal. This change of mood showed itself even upon his countenance; the bitter mockery disappeared from his lips, he contemplated for a moment, with increasing sympathy, his afflicted comrade, advanced slowly towards him, seized his hand, and said in a low, but still heart-touching, voice,—

"Jan, my dear friend, pardon me what I have said and done. I have behaved cruelly and wickedly to thee; but thou must remember, Jan, that I have suffered so much through thee."

"Lauw!" exclaimed the stranger with emotion, and shaking his hand, "that was the violence of our youth. See how little I thought of thy enmity, for I felt myself infinitely happy when I heard thee name my name. And for that I am grateful to thee, though thy bitterness has gone to my heart. But tell me, Lauw, where is Rosa buried? She will rejoice in heaven when she sees us thus, as reconciled brothers, stand upon her last resting-place."

"How! Rosa buried?" exclaimed the grave-digger; "would to God that she were buried, poor thing!"

"What meanest thou?" cried the traveller: "does Rosa yet live?"

"Yes, she lives," was the answer, "if that terrible fate that she has to endure can be called life."

"Thou terrifiest me. For God's sake tell me what calamity has happened to her."

"She is blind!"

"Blind! Rosa blind! without eyes to see me; woe! woe is me!"

Overwhelmed by anguish he advanced with uncertain steps to the bench, and sank down upon it. The grave-digger placed himself before him, and said,—

"For ten years has she been blind... and begs her daily bread... I give her every week two stivers, and when we bake we always remember her with a little cake."

The traveller sprang up, shook powerfully the grave-digger's hand, and said,—

"A thousand thanks! God bless thee for thy love to Rosa! I pledge myself in His name to reward thee for it. I am rich, very rich. By evening we will see one another again. But tell me now, at once, where Rosa is to be found; every moment is to me a hundred years of suffering."

With these words he drew the grave-digger along with him, and directed his steps toward the church-yard gate. Arrived there, the grave-digger pointed with his finger, and said,—

"See there, by the side of the wood, there rises a smoke from a low chimney. That is the house of besom-binder Nelis Oom; she lives there."

Without waiting for further explanation the traveller hastened through the village towards the indicated spot. He was soon at the dwelling. It was a low hut, built of willow wands and clay,

but on the outside neatly whitewashed. Some paces from the door four little children were playing and amusing themselves in the bright sunshine with planting in circles blue corn-flowers and red poppies. They were bare-foot and half-naked; the eldest, a boy of about six years old, had nothing whatever on but a linen shirt. While his little brother and sisters looked at the stranger with fear and shyness, the boy let his eyes rest steadily on the unknown one, full of curiosity and wonder.

The stranger smiled at the children, but advanced without delay into the hut, in one corner of which a man was busy making besoms, while a woman sat with her spinning-wheel by the hearth. These people could not be more than thirty years of age, and at the first glance might be perceived their contentment with their lot. For the rest, all around them looked as clean as country life within such narrow space will allow. The stranger's entrance obviously surprised them, although they received him with kindness and offered him their services. They were clearly of opinion that he wanted to inquire his way, for the husband put himself in readiness to go and show it him. But he asked with evident emotion whether Rosa lived there! and the husband and wife cast astonished looks at each other, and could scarcely find words to answer him.

"Yes, good sir!" said the man at length; "Rosa lives here, but at present she is gone out a-begging. Do you wish to speak with her?"

"God! God!" exclaimed the traveller. "Can not you quickly find her?"

"That would be difficult to do, sir; she has gone out with Triemtje, to make her round for the week, but we expect her in an hour's time; she never stays out."

"Can I wait for her here, good friends?"

Scarcely had he uttered the words before the man hastened into the next room, and fetched thence an easy-chair, which, although of rude workmanship, appeared more inviting than the still ruder chairs which stood in the outer room. Not satisfied with this, the wife took out of a chest a white cushion, which she laid in the chair, and requested the stranger to sit down. He was astonished at the simple but well-meant attention, and returned the cushion with many thanks. He then sat down in silence, and let his eyes glance round the room, as if to discover something which might speak of Rosa. As his head was thus turned aside, he felt a small hand gently thrust into his, and his fingers stroked. He looked round curiously to discover who bestowed on him this mark of friendliness, and he met the blue eyes of the boy, who, with heavenly innocence, looked up to him as if he had been his father or brother.

"Come here, Peterken!" said the mother; "thou shouldst not be so forward, dear child."

But Peterken did not seem to hear this warning, and continued to hold the hand of the stranger, and look at him. The stranger found the friendship of the child unaccountable, and said,—

"Dear child, thy blue eyes penetrate deep into my soul. As thou art so friendly, I will give thee something."

He put his hand into his pocket and took out a little purse with silver clasp and pearls that changed color in the light, and gave it to him, after he had dropped into it some pieces of money. The boy gazed on the purse with great delight, but did not let go the stranger's hand. The mother approached, and desired the child to go away.

"Peterken," said she, "thou wilt not be rude; thank the gentleman, and kiss his hand."

The boy kissed his hand, stooped his head towards him, and said in a clear voice, "Many thanks, Tall Jan!"

A clap of thunder could not have so startled the traveller as his own name thus pronounced by the innocent child. Tears started involuntarily from his eyes; he lifted the boy upon his knee, and now gazed deeply into his face.

"So! dost thou know me, thou blessed angel!—me, whom thou never saw'st before! Who taught thee my name!"

"Blind Rosa," was the answer.

"But how is it possible that thou hast known me! It must be God himself who has enlightened thy childlike mind."

"O, I know you very well," said Peterken; "when I lead Rosa about to beg, she always talks of you. She says that you are tall, and have dark fiery eyes; and that you will come back again, and bring us all such beautiful things. And so I was not afraid of you, good sir, for Rosa had bade me to love you; and you are to give me a bow and arrow."

The child's simple confidence made the traveller perfectly happy. He kissed him hastily and with tenderness, and said in a solemn tone:—

"Father! mother! this child is rich! I will bring him up and educate him, and richly endow him. It shall be a blessing to him to have recognized me."

Joy and amazement overwhelmed the parents. The man stammered forth,—

"Ah! you are too good. We ourselves thought that we knew you, but we were not so certain of it, because Rosa told us that you were not so rich a gentleman."

"And you too knew me, you good people!" exclaimed the traveller. "I find myself amongst friends. Here I have relations and a family... while hitherto I have only found death and forgetfulness!"

The wife pointed to a smoky image of the Virgin, which stood upon the chimney-piece, and said:—"Here every Saturday evening burns a light for the return of Jan Slaets, or for the repose of his soul!"

The traveller directed his eyes in devotion towards heaven, and with a voice full of emotion, said,—

"Thanks be to thee, O God, rich in love, that thou hast made affection more powerful than hate! My enemy has shut my name within his heart, with the dark feeling of his spite, but my friend has lived in memory of me, has inspired all around her with her love, has kept me here present, and made me the favorite of this child, while eighteen hundred miles separated me from her. O God be praised, I am rewarded to the full!"

A long silence followed before Jan Slaets could subdue his emotion, which inspired the people of the house with respect. The husband returned to his work, but held himself ready to hasten to the service of his guest. He, with little Peterken still upon his knee, asked quite calmly,—

"Good mother, has Rosa lived long with you?"

The wife, as if preparing herself for a long explanation, took her wheel, set it by his side, and began:—

"I will tell you, good sir, how it has gone on. You should know that when the old Meulinck died he divided his property amongst his children.

Rosa, whom nothing in the world could induce to marry—I need not tell you the reason—gave her share wholly up to her brother, and only asked in return to live with him during her life-time. At the same time she employed herself in making ornamental articles, and by this means acquired a great deal of money. There was no need to leave this to her brother, and she employed all her gains in doing good. She attended the sick, and paid for a doctor when it was necessary. She had always a pleasant word to encourage the suffering, and some delicacy to offer the sickly. We had scarcely been married six months, when my husband came home one day dreadfully ill of inflammation on the lungs; the cough which you now hear is the consequence of it. We have to thank our merciful God and the good Rosa that our poor Nelis is not now lying in the church-yard. If you could but have seen, dear sir, what she wholly and solely out of love did for us! She brought us additional bed-clothes, for it was cold, and we were wretchedly poor. She sent for two physicians from the next parish, and had them to consult with the doctor here on my husband's condition. She watched by him, alleviated his sufferings and my trouble by her affectionate conversation, and she paid all that was necessary for food and medicine; for Rosa was esteemed by everybody, and when she requested the ladies of the estate or the peasantry to assist the poor, she was never refused. Six whole weeks was our Nelis confined to his bed, and Rosa protected and assisted us till he, by degrees, could resume his work again."

"How I long to see the poor blind one!" sighed the traveller.

The husband raised his head from his work; tears glanced in his eyes, and he said with emotion,—

"If my blood could give her her sight again, I would freely spend the last drop of it."

This exclamation powerfully affected Jan Slaets; the wife observed it, and, with her hand, gave a sign to her husband to be silent. She then continued:—

"Three months after, God gave us a child, the same that sits upon your knee. Rosa, who bore it to the font, desired that it might be christened Johan, but Peter, my husband's brother, who was godfather, a good man, but somewhat self-willed, insisted that it should be called Peter, after him. After a long discussion, the boy received the name of Johan Peter. We call him Peterken, after his godfather, who still insists on its being so, and who would be angry if it were otherwise; but Rosa will not hear him called so; she calls him constantly Janneken. The boy is proud of it, and knows that she calls him Janneken because it is your name, good sir."

The traveller pressed the boy with transport to his breast, and kissed him passionately. With silent admiration he gazed into the boy's friendly eyes, and his heart was deeply moved. The wife went on:—

"Rosa's brother had engaged with people in Antwerp to collect provisions in the country round, and ship them to England. Trade was to make him rich, it was said; for every week he sent two carts to Antwerp. In the beginning all went well; but a bankrupt in Antwerp reduced all the gain to nothing for poor Tirt Meulinek, who was bound for him; scarcely could he pay half his debts. Through grief on this account he is dead. God be merciful to his soul!

"Rosa, after this, lived at Nand Flinck's, the shop-keeper, in a little room. The same year the son Karl, who had been away as a recruit, came home with bad eyes, and fourteen days after the poor young man became blind. Rosa, who was sorry for him, and only listened to her own heart's suggestions, attended him during his illness, and led him by the hand in order to amuse him a little. Alas! she herself took the same complaint, and from that time she has never seen the light of day. Nand Flinck is dead, and his children are scattered about. Blind Karl lives at a farm-house near Lierre. Then came Rosa to live with us, and we told her how gladly we saw her with us, and how willingly we would work all our lives for her. She accepted our invitation. Six years are now flown, and God knows that she has never received from us a cross word; for she is herself all affection and kindness. If it be a question of doing something for her, the children are ready to fight which shall get to do it first."

"And yet she begs," said the traveller.

"Yes, good sir," said the wife, with a certain pride; "but that is her own fault. Do not imagine that we have forgotten what Rosa has done for us; and had we suffered hunger, and must have taken the yoke upon us, we would never have obliged her to beg. What think you then of us? Six months we kept her back from it; but beyond that point we could not prevail. As our family was increasing, Rosa, the good soul, thought she would become a burden to us, and wished, on the contrary, to help us. It was impossible to hinder her from it; she became sick of sorrow. When we saw that, after the half year, we gave way to her desire. For a poor blind person it is, nevertheless, no shame. At the same time, though we are poor, we do not make a gain of what she earns by begging. She will, ever and anon, compel us to take part with her; we cannot always be at strife with her, poor thing! but we give it her double back again. Without her knowing it, she is better clad than we are, and the food we set before her is better than our own. There always stands at the fire a separate little pan for her. See here; to her potatoes she has a couple of eggs and melted butter. Of the remainder of her gains, I believe, from what I can learn by her words, that she is laying up a little hoard till our children are grown up. Her love deserves our gratitude, but we cannot oppose her will."

The traveller had listened in silence to the whole relation, but a happy smile upon his lips, and a mild lustre in his moistened eye, showed how much his heart was moved. The wife had ceased to speak, and occupied herself again with her wheel. The traveller remained awhile sunk in deep thought, when, setting the boy hastily down, he advanced towards the husband, and said in a commanding tone:—

"Have done with your work."

The besom-maker did not comprehend his meaning, and was startled at his unusual tone.

"Give over your work, and give me your hand, farmer Nelis."

"Farmer!" said the besom-maker, astonished.

"Yes," exclaimed the traveller; "fling the besoms out of the door; I will give you a farm, four milch cows, a calf, two horses, and all that is necessary for house-keeping. You do not believe me," continued he, and showed the besom-maker a handful of money. "I tell you the truth. I could at once give you the necessary sum; but I

respect and esteem you too much to offer you money. But I will make you the proprietor of a farm, and protect your children both before and after my death."

The good people looked at each other with the tears streaming from their eyes, and did not seem rightly to comprehend what was passing. While the traveller was about to make them fresh promises, Peterken pulled him by the hand as if he had something to communicate.

"What wilt thou, dear child?"

"Herr Jan," answered the boy, "see, the peasants are coming home from the field; I know now where I shall find Rosa. Shall I run and tell her that you are come?"

The traveller seized Peterken's hand, and drew him with impatience towards the door, as he said, "Come, come, lead me to her!" And while he made his adieu to the people of the house with his hand, he followed the child, who went with rapid pace through the midst of the village. So soon as they came to the first house, the people ran in wonder from shop and yard to look after them as if there were something extraordinary. And truly they presented a singular spectacle; the child with his little shirt and bare feet, who laughing and playful skipped along holding by the hand of the unknown one. The astonished people could not comprehend what the rich gentleman, who at least seemed to be a baron, had to do with the besom-binder's Peterken. Their astonishment still increased as they saw the stranger stoop down and kiss the child. The only thought which occurred to some of them, and over which they now gossiped at every door, was that the rich gentleman had purchased the child of his parents to bring him up as his own son. People from the city who have no child of their own are often wont to do so; and the besom-maker's Peterken was the handsomest child in the village, with his large blue eyes and his light curly hair. At the same time it was extraordinary that the rich gentleman took the child with him in his bare shirt.

The traveller strode rapidly forward. The whole village seemed to him to be magically illuminated; the leafy trees shone in their clear verdure, the low huts smiled at him, the birds sung with a transporting harmony, the air was filled with a balsamic odor and the warmth of life.

He had turned his attention from the child, to enjoy this new happiness. During this time, he had fixed his eye on the distance to transpire the dark wood which, at the other end of the village, seemed to close up the way.

Hastily, the child pulled him by the hand with all his power, and cried:—

"See there!—there comes Rosa with our Triente!"

And actually there came forward, by a house upon a great by-road, an elderly blind woman led by a child of five years old.

Instead of rapidly accompanying the child, the traveller remained standing and contemplated with pain and sorrow the poor blind one, who, at a distance, approached with unsteady steps. Was that his Rosa, the handsome, amiable girl, whose image still lived so young and fresh in his heart? But this contemplation lasted only a moment: he drew the child along with him, and hastened towards his friend. When he had arrived at about fifty paces from her, he could no longer command himself, but cried out in the highest transport—"Rosa! Rosa!"

The instant that this sound reached the blind one's ear, she drew her arm from that of her leader, and began to tremble as if she were seized with a fit of the ague. She extended her arms, and with the cry—"Jan! Oh, Jan!" sprang forward to meet him. At the same time she drew up a ribbon which hung round her neck, and exhibited with an agitated mien a golden cross.

The next instant she fell into Jan Slaat's arms, who, amid unintelligible words, attempted to kiss her. But the blind one prevented him gently with her hands, and, as this wounded his feelings, she seized his hand and said:—

"Oh, Jan! Jan! I swoon with delight . . . but I am bound by an oath . . . come with me—we will go together to the church-yard."

Jan Slaets did not comprehend Rosa's meaning, but in the tone of her voice lay something so solemn and at the same time sacred, that without opposition he complied with the wish of his friend. Without taking heed of the people of the village who surrounded them, he led her to the church-yard. Here she directed her course to the seat beside the cross, and obliged him to kneel by her side while she said—"Pray with me; I have vowed it to God."

She, at the same time, elevated her clasped hands, breathed forth a warm prayer, and then, flinging her arms round her friend's neck, she kissed him, and sank exhausted but smiling on his breast.

During this time, Peterken skipped about amongst the villagers, who stood in wonder around, clapping his hands, and crying one time after another. "That is Tall Jan! That is Tall Jan!"

On a fine autumn day of the year 1846, the diligence rolled along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnhout, at the regular hour. In haste the conductor drew up not far from a solitary inn, and opened the door of the carriage. Two young travellers sprang laughing and exulting out upon the road, and stretched their arms like escaped birds who again in full freedom try their wings. They gazed around them on the trees, in the beautiful blue autumn air, with a joy which we experience when we have left the city, and with every breath can enjoy free nature. At the same instant, the younger traveller turned his eyes upon the fields, and exclaimed with transport:—"Listen! listen!"

And, in truth, there came through the wood the indistinct tones of a distant music. The air was quick and lively; you might almost fancy that you heard the accompanying dance. While the younger one in silence pointed with his finger, his companion said in an almost ironical tone:—

In the shade of the lindens, to the trumpet's joyous note,
In the dance a gay crowd doth exultingly float;
And amid all the throng, like ocean waves flying,
There is no one who thinketh of suffering and dying.

"Come, come, dear Jan, don't rejoice thyself so beforehand. Probably, they are celebrating the election of a new burgomaster."

"Nay, nay, that is no official joy. Let us too go there and see the peasant girls dance—that is so charming."

"Let us first drink a glass of ale with Peter Joostens, and ask him what is going on in the village."

"And give ourselves up to the unexpected jollification, eh? So be it."

The two travellers entered the inn, and thought they should die of laughter the moment they put their heads into the room. Peter Joostens stood erect and stiff beside the fire. His long blue holiday coat hung in rich folds almost down to his heels. He greeted the well-known guests with a heavy smile, in which a certain feeling of shame manifested itself, and he dared not move himself, for at every motion his stiff shirt collar cut his ears.

At the entry of the travellers, he exclaimed with impatience, but without turning his head:—"Zanna! Zanna! hasten thee; I hear the music, and I have already told thee that we shall come too late."

Zanna came running in with a basket full of flowers. She looked so charming with her crimped lace cap, her woollen gown, her rose-colored bodice, the large golden heart at her breast, and her ear-rings. Her face was flushed with the bloom of the most joyous anticipation, and resembled a rose which opens its closed bud.

"A beautiful peony which blows on a fine summer day," observed the younger companion.

Zanna had fetched the two desired glasses of ale, and now hastened out of the door with her flowers, singing and laughing. Still more impatiently shouted Peter Joostens with all his might:—

"Lisbeth! if thou dost not come directly, I will go away without thee, as sure as I stand here."

An old clock which hung by the wall pointed at the same instant to nine, and struck with a hoarse tone, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"What wretched taste is that!" said one of the travellers; "have you sold the handsome clock, and hung this up to plague yourselves the whole year through with its death-note?"

"Yes, yes," said the host smiling; "make yourself merry, at your pleasure, over this bird; it brings me in yearly fifty Dutch guilders—a good crop that needs no tillage."

Four cannon shots were heard at the same moment.

"O heavens!" shrieked Peter Joostens; "the feast has begun. The women take my life with their hunting here and there."

"But, Peter Joostens," asked one of the travellers, "what is this that is going on in the village? Is it the wake!—that would be odd on a Thursday—or is the king coming to the village?"

"It is a very extraordinary thing," replied the host; "it is an unheard of thing. If you knew the story, you might fill a whole book with it, without any invention. And the old cuckoo here has its place in Blind Rosa's story."

"Blind Rosa!" said the younger traveller, astonished; "what a charming title! That would make a fine counterpart to 'The Sick Youth.'"

"Nay, that won't do!" said the elder; "if we go out together to collect material for stories, we must honorably divide the spoil."

"Well, we can hereafter draw lots for it," said the younger, half regretfully.

"In the mean time," observed the elder, "we actually know nothing. Pull down your detestable shirt collar from your ears, Peter Joostens, and begin and regularly tell us all; and for your reward you shall have a book as soon as it is printed."

"Now I have no time for it," answered the host; "I hear my wife coming down stairs; but

come along with us to the village, and on the way I will tell you why the cannon are fired and the music plays."

The hostess entered the room, and dazzled the travellers' eyes by her dress, so did it blaze in all the colors of the rainbow. She rushed up to her husband, pulled up his shirt collar again higher than ever, took his arm, and issued out of doors with him. The two travellers accompanied them, and Peter Joostens related on the way to his attentive hearers the whole story of Tall Jan and Blind Rosa; and though he had almost talked himself out of breath, he became besieged with all sorts of questions.

They learned of him, however, that Herr Slaets bought of him the old cuckoo clock, that it might hang in its former place in the inn; that Tall Jan had been four-and-thirty years in Russia, and in the fur trade had become a very rich man. That he had bought an estate, and meant to live upon it with Blind Rosa and the besom-maker Nelis' family, whose children he had already adopted. That he had given the grave-digger a considerable sum of money; and, finally, that this evening there was to be held a grand folks-feast on the estate, for which occasion a whole calf was to be roasted, and two whole copper-fulls of rice furnumy to be boiled.

Peter Joostens ceased as they came behind a house upon a great by-road. And now the travellers listened no longer, for they were resolved to be present, and see all the gayety which offered itself to their gaze.

All the houses in the village were adorned with green boughs, bound together with garlands of white and many-colored flowers, and between these, over the heads of the spectators, hung everywhere festoons, with small lamps and with large red letters. Here and there stood a stately May-pole, with hundreds of little flags glittering with tinsel, and adorned with garlands of birds'-eggs and pieces of glass. Along the sides of the way the boys and girls had laid wreaths of flowers upon silver-white sand, and bound them together at regular distances, showing the alternating initials J. and R. for Jan and Rosa, the invention of the schoolmaster.

Amongst all this ornament swarmed a throng of spectators from the neighboring villages to witness this extraordinary wedding. The young travellers went from one group to another, and listened to what the people said. But before the procession, which came over the fields, arrived at the village, they hastened to the church, and placed themselves in front of it on a mound so that they might overlook the whole.

They beheld the procession with a feeling almost bordering on veneration . . . and it really was so beautiful and touching that the heart of the younger one beat with poetic rapture. More than sixty young girls from five to ten years of age came, clad in white, and with childhood's enchanting smile, like little bright clouds floating through the azure heaven. Upon their free locks, hanging around their fresh countenances, rested garlands of monthly roses, which seemed to contend in beauty with the vermeil lips of the children.

"It is like a saga of Andersen's," said the younger of the companions; "the sylphs have quitted the bosoms of the flowers. Innocence and simplicity, youth and joy . . . what an enchanting picture!"

"Ah, ah!" said the other, "there come the peonies! and Zanna Joostens goes first."

But the younger one was too much affected to notice this unpoetic speech. He gazed with delight on the taller maidens, who, in full splendor, beaming with life and health, followed the lesser ones. What a train of full-grown young women in snow-white lace caps! How their blushes added to the sweetness of their countenances! How enchanting was the modest smile about their lips, resembling the gentle curling of the waters which the zephyr on a summer's evening produces on the surface of an inland lake!

Ah! there comes Blind Rosa with Herr Slaets, her bridegroom! How happy she must be! She has suffered so much! She has been reduced even to the beggar's staff. For four-and-thirty years she has succored and nourished her soul with a hope that she herself regarded as vain . . . and now he is there, the friend of her childhood, of her youth. Led by his hand, she now approaches the altar of that God who has heard her prayers. Now shall the vow made by the cross in the church-yard be accomplished, and she shall become Jan Slaets' wife. On her breast glitters the simple gold cross which Tall Jan gave her. Now she listens to the joyful congratulations, to the song and music which celebrate his return. She trembles with emotion, and presses his arm closer to her side, as if she doubted whether her happiness was real.

After them came Nelis with his wife and children; they are all clad as wealthy peasantry. The parents go forward with bowed heads, and wipe the tears of wonder and thankfulness from their eyes, so often as they look upon their blind benefactress. Peterken bears his head proudly erect, and shakes his light locks, which play about his neck. He leads his sister by the hand.

But what troop is that! The remnant of the camp which the power of time has laid waste. About twenty men followed the children of Nelis. They really present a singular spectacle; they are all gray-haired men or bald. Most of them support themselves on their staves; two go on crutches, one is blind and deaf, and all are so worn out and exhausted by long years of weary labor, that one might imagine that death had by force brought them again from their graves.

Lauw Stevens went first, and stooped so that his hands nearly touched the ground; blind Baes, from Plogen, supported himself on the miller's grandfather. These old men constituted the remains of the generation which lived when Tall Jan flourished in the village, and by his youthful courage always asserted for himself the first place. After them came the people of the village, men and women, who were invited to the wedding.

The train entered the church . . . the organ was heard accompanying the solemn hymn. The younger traveller drew his companion aside in the church-yard. He stooped down, turned round, and presented to the other his closed hand, out of which the ends of two bents of grass protruded.

"In such haste! why so!" asked the other.

"Proceed," said the younger; "the subject pleases me, and I would willingly know whether it will fall to me or not."

The elder one drew a bent; the younger one let his fall upon the ground, and sighed, "I have lost!"

This is the reason, good reader, why the elder of the travellers has told you the story of Blind Rosa. It is a pity; for otherwise you would have read in beautiful poetry, what you have now read in prose. But fortune another time may be more auspicious to you.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PARTING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. JUSTIN KERNER,
A Swabian Physician, and the friend of the Secress of
Prevorst.

Wohl auf, noch getrunken den funkelnden Wein!
Ade nun ihr Lieben! Geschieden muss seyn!

PLEDGE round the bright wine! even now we must part:

Farewell, ye beloved! the friends of my heart!
Farewell to the mountains! farewell to my home!
My destiny calls me—afar I must roam.

The sun cannot tarry, or rest in the sky,
But onwards o'er oceans and regions must hie:
The wave cannot cleave to the lone desert strand:
The wild wind must sweep unconfined through the land.

The bird with the journeying cloud speeds along;
But far, far away, still it sings a home song:
Through forests, through valleys, the youth must go forth,

To resemble his mother, the still moving earth.

There greet him the birds that beyond seas he knew;
From his own distant country they thitherward flew;
There sweet is the fragrance the flowers exhale:
They breathe him the breath of his dear native vale.

Those wild birds the roof of his father have known;
Those flow'rs for the wreath of his true love have grown;

So love still goes with him, and gives him its hand,
And makes him at home in a far foreign land.

From Kild's Journal.

A BACHELOR'S LAY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In the Register of the Stationers' Company, we find the following from a MS. of the time of James I.

MAIDES AND WIDOWES.

If ever I marry, I'll marry a maide;
To marry a widowe I am sore afraide;
For maidens they are simple, and never will grutch,
But widowes full oft, as they saie, know to[o] much.
A maide is so sweete and so gentle of kinde,
That a maide is the wyfe I will choose to my minde;
A widowe is froward, and never will yeeld;
Or if such there be, you will meet them but seeld.
A maide nere complaineth, do what so you will;
But what you meane well a widowe takes ill;
A widowe will make you a drudge and a slave,
And cost nere so much, she will ever go brave.
A maide is so modest, she seemeth a rose,
When it first beginneth the bud to uncloze;
But a widowe full blownen full often deceives;
And the next winde that bloweth, shakes downe all her leaves.

That widowes be lovlie, I never gainsaye,
But well all their bewty they know to display;
But a maide hath so great hidden bewty in store,
She can spare to a widowe, yet never be pore.
Then, if I marry, give me a fresh maide,
If to marry with anie I need be not afraide;
But to marry with anie it asketh much care,
And some bachelors hold THEY ARE BEST AS THEY ARE!

From the Spectator.

STARVATION OF PATAGONIAN MISSIONARIES.

It needs no concurrence in the special enterprise of the Patagonian missionaries to witness with something more than admiration the heroism of Commander Gardiner and his companions—their devotion, their patience, their faithful kindness to each other. Even the cry that is raised against such missions, because in this case they have proved wasteful of human life, is but partially true. The very astonishment betrayed by so many “gentlemen of England, who stay at home at ease,” shows how much we require a memento that the power of heroic endurance on behalf of conviction has not died out of the blood of our race. But besides accidental examples like that of the Birkenhead at the southern extremity of Africa, we may cite Franklin and his companions, lost in Arctic America, wandering in search of facts to round off scientific truth; and now Gardiner and his companions perish at the other end of the vast double continent, carrying the gospel of their faith. The spectacle of the religious zeal which sustained them, which lifted them above their sufferings, made them *rejoice* in the very midst of death, is not altogether unknown to us even here; but displayed on such a scene, it acquires a grandeur, an emphasis, a reality, that must have, to our worldly-wise, the moral effect of a novelty and a surprise not uninteresting. Surely the spirit which incites such men to raise glorious monuments in the most distant quarters of the globe, is not “waste”!

Nor is every mission to be judged by its first failure. Many a ditch before a beleaguered fort has been filled with the bodies of those who were first amongst the victors: were such soldiers *defeated*?

No doubt, the conduct of the missionaries is a gross violation of the economical-moral aphorism, “Each for himself and God for us all;” the devoted band held that a trust in Divine Power was not incompatible with service under that Power; they held that each should work for the rest, not excepting even the Patagonian; and we have an idea that such views belong to a faith not altogether unknown in this country, though chiefly by name—Christianity. It may be surprising, indeed, that, whatever convictions they had, they should have *acted* upon them—that they should have *persevered*, in spite of “difficulties”—nay, against their own “interest!” Such heroic devotion must seem obsolete in the view of the new philosophy; but one great fact proves that it still possesses a stronger hold over the hearts even of the “gentlemen of England” than that self-sufficient philosophy, and that fact is the instant irresistible burst of sympathy. They buried themselves on the desert shore, but the whole people of England attend their funeral.

TO REAR-ADMIRAL MORESBY, C. B.

Her Majesty's ship *Dido*, at sea, lat. 55° 58' S., long. 66° 0' W., Jan. 22, 1852, Cape Horn W. 30 miles.

SIR—In compliance with orders from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, dated the 25th of October, 1851, directing me to ascertain the fate of Captain Gardiner and his missionary party in Tierra del Fuego, on my way to the Pacific, it is my melancholy duty to report, for their lordships' information, that the whole party have perished of starvation.

Having received information from the Rev. G. Packenham Despard, of Redland, Bristol, honorary secretary to the Patagonian Missionary Society, I learned that the party—consisting of Captain Allen Gardiner, R. N., superintendent; Mr. Williams, surgeon and catechist; Mr. Maidment, catechist; John Erwin, carpenter; John Badoeck, John Bryant, John Pearce, Cornish fishermen—left England in September, 1850, in the barque *Ocean Queen*. I also learned that stores had been forwarded to them in June last, *via* the Falkland Islands; and should the party be unable to maintain their position at Picton Island, Beagle Channel, being provided with partially-decked launches, that they would fall back on Staten Island. Having called at the Falkland Islands, and embarked these stores, consisting of 30 casks, cases, &c., I sailed from thence on the 6th of January, 1852, and stood along the north coast of Staten Island, with large ensigns flying at the mast-heads to attract the attention, and fired shotted guns into the mouth of St. John's Harbor, Cook's Harbor and New Year's Harbor, and, observing a flag-staff erected, with a flag on it, on New Year's Island, I came to an anchor under it, at 8 p. m. on Sunday, the 11th. The next morning, Jan. 12th, I sent Lieut. Gausson in the cutter to ascertain the cause, and went myself at the same time into New Year's Harbor, and found a ship's long-boat lying hauled up on the beach, with “*Aladdin*, Apenrade,” on her stern. She was fitted with oars cut from trees on the spot. By a tally left on the beach, I found the schooner J. E. Davison, of New York, W. H. Singly, master, had called here on the 16th of October, 1851, on her way to Picton Island, to relieve the missionaries. I returned to the ship at the same time as Lieutenant Gausson, who reported that pieces of wreck were on the island, but, excepting the flag, which he brought on board, there were no indications of how or where any vessel could have been lost. It blew a perfect hurricane that night off the land, and, being unable to heave the ship up to her anchor, I fully expected to be blown off with the loss of anchor and cable, but the ship held on with 90 fathoms of chain in 22 fathoms water. I sailed the next day, but could not attempt the Straits of Le Maire, as it still blew fresh from the southward. Having passed Cape St. John, I stood along the south coast of Staten Island, and got a good view of Port Vancouver, the only harbor on the south side of Staten Island, and, seeing no signs of the party being there, I made direct for Picton Island till the 17th, when the weather proving very thick and hazy, with squally, baffling winds, I was compelled to bear up, and stood along the east and south coast of New Island, getting a good view of Richmond Roads. I endeavored to beat up to Picton Island through Goree Roads, and got well up so as to open the Beagle Channel, when, the wind failing and a current setting to the southward, I bore up, and anchored in Goree Roads for the night.

The next day, January 18th, it blew a heavy gale from the southward, but the ship rode well, with two anchors ahead, and 100 fathoms of chain.

Jan. 19.—The wind having moderated in the night and shifted to the northward, I weighed at four in the morning and beat up through Goree Roads, and stood along the south-west coast of Picton Island, and, passing Cape Maria, beat up the north-east coast of the island; the wind again falling light, it was late before we could tow the

ship to her berth, in a cove formed by an islet on the coast, called by Capt. Gardiner Banner Cove, and the scene of his early troubles.

The following day, January 20th, was devoted to scouring the coast and the adjacent islet, and after many hours of fruitless search, without a sign of the party, and when on the point of giving them up, some writing was seen on a rock across a river, which we instantly made for, and found written, "Go to Spaniard Harbor." On another rock adjoining we read, "You will find us in Spaniard Harbor." On a third piece of rock we read, "Dig below;" which we instantly did, but found only a broken bottle, without any paper or directions. On searching one of the numerous wigwags in the neighborhood, we read on one of the poles, "A bottle under this pole;" but we could not find it, although we sent for shovels and crowbars, and dug deep and carefully for it; but it was evident, from some fragments of stores found on the spot, that the mission had rested there.

Accordingly, the next morning, Jan. 21st, I sailed early for Spaniard Harbor, and entered it on the same evening at seven o'clock. Our notice was first attracted by a boat lying on the beach, about a mile and a half inside of Cape Kinnaid. It was blowing very fresh from the southward, and the ship rode uneasily at her anchor. I instantly sent Lieutenant Pigott and Mr. Roberts, the master, to reconnoitre and return immediately, as I was anxious to get the ship to sea again in safety for the night. They returned shortly, bringing some books and papers, having discovered the bodies of Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment unburied.

From the papers found, Mr. Maidment was dead on the 4th September, and Captain Gardiner could not possibly have survived the 6th September, 1851. On one of the papers found was written legibly, but without a date, "If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a half you will find us in the other boat, hauled up in the mouth of a river, at the head of the harbor, on the south side—delay not—we are starving." At this sad intelligence, it was impossible to leave that night. Although the weather looked very threatening, neither the aneroid barometer nor sympiesometer being very unfavorable, I held on for the night.

I landed early the next morning, (January 22d,) and visited the spot where Captain Gardiner and his comrade were lying, and then went to the head of the harbor, with Lieutenant Gausson, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Evan Evans, surgeon. We found there the wreck of a boat, with part of her gear and stores, with quantities of clothing, with the remains of two bodies, which I conclude to be Mr. Williams (surgeon) and John Pearce (Cornish fisherman), as the papers clearly show the death and burial of the rest of all the mission party.

The two boats were thus about a mile and a half apart. Near the one where Captain Gardiner was lying was a large cavern, called by him "Pioneer Cavern," where they kept their stores, and occasionally slept, and in that cavern Mr. Maidment's body was found.

Among Captain Gardiner's papers, which I will notice presently, I extract the following:—"Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday, that he did not arise from his bed till noon," "and I have not seen him since." Again, on the 4th of September, alluding to Mr. Maidment, he writes:—

CCCCXXII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXIII. 35

"It was a merciful providence he left the boat, as I could not have removed the body." Captain Gardiner's body was lying beside the boat, which, apparently, he had left, and, being too weak to climb into it again, had died by the side of it. We were directed to the cavern by a hand painted on the rocks, with Psalm 62, v. 5-8, under it.

Their remains were collected together, and buried close to this spot, and the funeral service read by Lieut. Underwood. A small inscription was placed on the rock near his own text, the colors of the boats and ship struck half-mast, and three volleys of musketry was the only tribute of respect I could pay to this lofty-minded man and his devoted companions, who have perished in the cause of the Gospel, for the want of timely supplies; and before noon the Dido was proceeding safely on her voyage.

In looking over the papers found in the cavern, I am enabled to trace out the wanderings and many of the sufferings which beset the party up to the time of their unhappy end. Some of the papers are on private affairs, unconnected with their position, and some on religious subjects, but I quote only from those which bear upon their fate.

Having arrived at Picton Island on the 5th of December, 1850, they landed and pitched their tents on the 6th, but were compelled to reëmbark in consequence of the annoyance of the natives, until their boats could be got ready; their boats were named the Pioneer and Speedwell, and they finally disembarked and slept in them on December 18th. The ship sailed the next day, and their troubles seem to have commenced.

Both boats immediately got under way for the opposite shore on the south coast of Tierra del Fuego, to a place they have named Bloomfield Harbor, as the natives annoyed them; but before clearing the anchorage the Speedwell got on the rocks, lost her anchor, and injured her rudder; it appears to have been blowing fresh, as both boats swamped their dingies and lost them. The Pioneer reached Bloomfield Harbor, but returned the next day and joined the Speedwell. Both boats then weighed for Bloomfield Harbor; but on this occasion the Pioneer grounded, and the Speedwell having been out all night, rejoined her the next morning. On January 6th, I find both boats in Lenox Harbor, where they had gone to beach them and stop their leaks; but, in tacking, the Pioneer was thrown on a nest of rocks, and she was not afloat again until the 17th January. They left Lenox Harbor on the 20th January for Bloomfield Harbor, to refit their boats; but finding the natives there in great force, they bore up for Spaniard Harbor, which they reached on the 24th January. Here they seem to have experienced many vicissitudes, from the surf and storms, till the 1st February, when the Pioneer was driven on the rocks, and her bow stove in irreparably. The party in this boat then took to a cavern, but finding it damp, and the tide washing into it, they hauled the wreck of the Pioneer up on the beach, and, covering her with a tent, they made a dormitory of her; the Speedwell being higher up, at the mouth of a river which they named Cook's River, after a lady and benefactress to the mission.

Feb. 18.—The tide rose higher than usual, and I found the following remark by Captain Gardiner:—"The box which contained my most valuable books and papers was floating about in

the surf, and the beach strewn with its contents in all directions. By this unforeseen accident I lost a reference Bible, my private journal, and some useful memoranda, chiefly on missionary subjects, which I had been collecting for many years; also my rings, and a purse containing £8, 8s., all the money I possessed, with the exception of 5d.; all my warm clothing was washed away, but providentially thrown up again by the tide in the course of two or three days."

Feb. 23.—Mr. Williams is unwell in the boat, and Capt. Gardiner removes to a tent to make room.

March 13.—This tent, named a hermitage by Captain Gardiner, is burned down. It appears two casks of biscuits and one of pork had been buried at Picton Island to disencumber the boats, and nourishing food being wanted, as Mr. Williams and J. Badcock have got the scurvy, they resolve to go to Picton Island for it, which they reach on the 23d of March, intending to remain there till the expected vessel arrives from England with stores. Having got these provisions on board, and finding the natives still troublesome, they printed the notices on the rocks mentioned above, buried some bottles, and returned to Spaniard Harbor March 29.

In the beginning of April another of the party (J. Bryant) gets the scurvy, and the disease gaining on the others, they become enfeebled in consequence.

April 23.—They have provisions enough to last for two months, but some are very low; and a fox pilfering from them, they kill him by putting a piece of pork opposite the muzzle of a gun, attached by a string to the trigger, and, as they can only issue pork three times a week, they dine off this fox and salt the remainder. Altogether they appear to have been very frugal with their supplies. I find a notice of five large fish caught, and an account kept of the number of ducks shot; as their powder having been left on board the ship, and a flask and a half being all they have, they keep it for emergencies.

May 12, is a note of the biscuit being short; and, altogether, as they have not supplies for more than three weeks, all but the sick go on short allowance.

May 19.—The preserved meat is out, and Mr. Williams appears to be failing.

May 22.—Set apart for special prayer on behalf of the sick, for supplies of food, and the arrival of the expected vessel.

Frequent mention is made of the tide washing into the cavern, carrying away their stores, and endangering their sleeping boat, which they endeavor to counteract by building breakwaters of stones, but in the night the surf washes away their work of the day. On one occasion I find Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment have to escape from the cavern to save their lives, and, taking refuge on a rock washed by the surf, they kneel down in prayer.

June 11.—J. Irwin, another of the party, takes the scurvy, and misfortune seems hovering around them; their fishing-net is swept away, and J. Badcock dies on the 28th of June, and is buried on a bank under the trees at Cook's River; after performing the last offices they retire to their boat for prayers.

July 4.—Having been seven weeks on short allowance, and latterly even this having been curtailed, the party are utterly helpless; everything found in shape of food is cooked and eaten; a penguin, a shag, a half-devoured fish washed up on

the shore, and even the salted fox, washed out of the cavern, is thrown up again on the beach, and used for food. Captain Gardiner writes:—"We have now remaining half a duck, about 1 lb. of salt pork, the same quantity of damaged tea, a very little rice (a pint), two cakes of chocolate, four pints of peas, to which I may add six mice. The mention of this last item in our list of provisions may startle some of our friends should it ever reach their ears; but, circumstanced as we are, we partake of them with a relish, and have already eaten several of them; they are very tender, and taste like rabbit."

July 22.—They are reduced to living on mussels, and feel the want of food, and sometimes the craving of hunger is distressing to them. Capt. Gardiner writes:—"After living on mussels for a fortnight, I was compelled to give them up, and my food is now mussel broth and the soft part of limpets."

July 28.—Captain Gardiner writes of the party in the other boat, "They are all extremely weak and helpless. Even their garden seeds, used for broth, are now all out."

August 14.—Captain Gardiner takes to his bed, but a rock-weed is discovered, which they boil down to a jelly, and find nourishment from.

August 23.—John Irwin dies.

August 26.—J. Bryant dies, and Mr. Maidment buries them both in one grave.

John Pearce, the remaining boatman, is cast down at the loss of his comrades, and wandering in his mind; but Mr. Williams somewhat better.

Sept. 3.—Mr. Maidment has never recruited from that day of bodily and mental exertion. The remaining remarks I transcribe literally, and they must speak for themselves.

Sept. 3.—Wishing, if possible, to "spare him (Mr. Maidment) the trouble of attending on me, and for the mutual comfort of all, I purposed, if practicable, to go to the river, and take up my quarters in the boat: this was attempted on Saturday last. Feeling that without crutches I could not possibly effect it, Mr. Maidment most kindly cut me a pair, (two forked sticks,) but it was with no slight exertion and fatigue in his weak state. We set out together, but soon found that I had no strength to proceed, and was obliged to return before reaching the brook over our own beach. Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that he did not rise from his bed until noon, and I have not seen him since; consequently I tasted nothing yesterday. I cannot learn the place where I am, and know not whether he is in the body or enjoying the presence of the gracious God whom he has served so faithfully. I am writing this at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Blessed be my Heavenly Father for the many mercies I enjoy—a comfortable bed, no pain or even cravings of hunger, though excessively weak—scarcely able to turn in my bed—at least, it is very great exertion; but I am, by His abounding grace, kept in perfect peace, refreshed with a sense of my Saviour's love, and an assurance that all is wisely and mercifully appointed; and pray that I may receive the full blessing which it is doubtless destined to bestow. My care is all cast upon God, and I am only waiting His time and His good pleasure to dispose of me as He shall see fit. Whether I live or die, may it be in Him. I commend my body and my soul to His care and keeping, and earnestly pray that He will take my dear wife and children under the shadow of His wings, comfort, guard, strengthen, and sanctify them wholly, that we may together, in a brighter and

eternal world, praise and adore his goodness and grace in redeeming us with his precious blood, and plucking us as brands from the burning, to bestow upon us the adoption of children, and make us inheritors of his heavenly kingdom. Amen.

"Thursday, Sept. 4.—There is now no room to doubt that my dear fellow-laborer has ceased from his earthly toils, and joined the company of the redeemed in the presence of the Lord, whom he served so faithfully. Under these circumstances it was a merciful providence that he left the boat, as I could not have removed the body. He left a little peppermint water which he had mixed, and it has been a great comfort to me, but there was no other to drink. Fearing I might suffer from thirst, I prayed that the Lord would strengthen me to procure some. He graciously answered my petition, and yesterday I was enabled to get out and scoop up sufficient supply from some that trickled down at the stern of the boat by means of one of my India-rubber over-shoes. What combined mercies am I receiving at the hands of my heavenly Father! Blessed be his holy name!

"Friday, Sept. 5.—Great and marvellous are the loving kindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, and for four days, although without bodily food, without any feelings of hunger or thirst."

The last remarks are not written so plainly as the previous day, and I concluded that they were the last; but I find another paper, dated September 6th, addressed to Mr. Williams, and written in pencil, the whole being very indistinct, and some parts quite obliterated, but nearly as follows:—

"My dear Mr. Williams, the Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company; our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday afternoon, and has not since returned; doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while, and though . . . the Almighty to sing the praises . . . throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though . . . days without food . . . Maidment's kindness to me . . . heaven.—Your affectionate brother in Christ,

(Signed) "ALLEN F. GARDINER.
"September 6, 1851."

From the above statements I must therefore conclude that the two bodies found at Cooke's River were those of Mr. Williams and T. Pearce, and, considering their weak state, it is unreasonable to suppose they could have survived Captain Gardiner, who could scarcely have lived over September 6, 1851. I will offer no opinion upon the missionary labor of Captain Gardiner and the party, beyond its being marked by an earnestness and devotion to the cause. But, as a brother officer, I beg to record my admiration of his conduct in the moment of peril and danger, and his energy and resources entitle him to high professional credit. At one time I find him surrounded by hostile natives and dreading an attack, yet forbearing to fire, and the savages awed and subdued by the solemnity of his party kneeling down in prayer. At another, having failed to leave off his boat when on the rocks, he digs a channel under her, and diverts a fresh water stream into it; and I find him making an anchor by filling an old bread cask with stones, heading it up, and securing wooden crosses over the head with chains. There could not be a doubt as to the ultimate success of a mission here, if liberally supported; but I venture to express a hope that no

society will hazard another without entrusting their supplies to practical men, acquainted with commercial affairs, who would have seen at a glance the hopeless improbability of any ship, not chartered for the occasion, sailing out of her way, breaking her articles, and forfeiting her insurance, for the freightage of a few stores from the Falkland Islands. Painful and unsatisfactory as my report of the fate of the party is, I trust it may be considered conclusive by their lordships, and setting at rest any further anxiety on the part of their sorrowing friends.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) W. H. MOORSHEAD, Captain.

(Copy.)

Her Majesty's ship Dido, Valparaiso, Feb. 21, 1852.

Sir—In reference to my letter of the 22d January, relating to Captain Gardiner and the missionary party, I have the honor to enclose two unfinished letters, written by Captain Gardiner shortly before his death, (found in the cavern, and addressed to his son and daughter,) for immediate transmission to England, to await the disposal of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. The remaining books, papers, and other articles found near the boats are enclosed in a case, awaiting any opportunity you may deem desirable for sending them. I enclose a list of effects in the case, one packet addressed to yourself, as my commander-in-chief, being the original documents on which my letter is founded, and, I suggest, should be retained until you should be satisfied with the correctness of the statements of the above letter, dated the 22d January, 1852, and as none of these articles can be claimed by the Missionary Society, I also suggest the propriety of their being forwarded to the Rev. E. J. Marsh, Aylesford Vicarage, Maidstone, Kent, the friend and executor of Captain Gardiner.—I have, &c.,

(Signed) W. H. MOORSHEAD, Captain.

Rear-Admiral Moresby, C. B.

(Copy.)

A LIST OF ARTICLES BELONGING TO THE LATE CAPTAIN GARDINER, ENCLOSED, VIZ:—

A mahogany case, containing two silver pencil-cases, two halfpence, a piece of thermometer, a half-crown, a silver watch, and two memoranda regarding his effects; a spy-glass, a piece of a quadrant, a leather case containing letters and papers, a sketch-book, two pocket-books, one Patagonia vocabulary (manuscripts), three memorandum-books, twenty-two books, a few pamphlets and periodicals, an atlas and chart, eight letters addressed to the mission party, in Captain Moorshead's care. All having been exposed to the air and sea for months, are nearly valueless in themselves, but may prove of interest to their friends.

(Signed) W. H. MOORSHEAD, Captain.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.—At the last meeting of the Bombay Geographical Society, a paper was read by Mr. John Smith on the discoveries made by the East African missionaries on what appear to be the Sources of the Nile. This mysterious river is said to arise from two lakes, one of which is of great dimensions, nearly under the line, and they seem fed by the melting snows of the gigantic range, which rises to the altitude of 22,000 feet at least, close by. The description of this long-looked-for locality coincides exactly with that given of it by Ptolemy, two thousand years ago.—*The Bombay Times*, February 18th, 1852.

From Fraser's Magazine.

NURSERY LITERATURE.

We have always remarked the success of a novel theory to be in exact proportion to its preponderating balance of folly. New doctrines, containing a tolerable admixture of truth, disappear from public view almost as soon as they are mooted; while those whose basis is total ignorance are certain to obtain a temporary success. They run their course, pioneered by frothy oratory and affirmed by blundering experiment, till they are finally explained away under the pressure of universal experience. For, in the long run, those stubborn facts, resisting and counteracting forces, must overcome the magnificent schemes and brilliant theories which have the substantive deficiency to have been constructed without recognizing their existence. Many an embryo railway runs smoothly enough over the projector's dining-room table, which in actual preparation labors under some such slight difficulty as being under water half the year. Many a motive power which will propel with wonderful rapidity on the peaceful surface of a tub, is powerless against wind or tide. Many a social theory, beautiful in its exterior and attractive in its promises, might be most beneficially adopted if the world were other than it is, and men totally different from what they are. The lambent doctrines of the Peace Society are of this complexion; they may be extremely applicable to some shining fraternity in the Dog Star, but are quite unsuited to mankind. Nevertheless, being based on a dexterous combination of the two fundamental principles of all twaddle, won't see and can't see, assisted by unreasoning amiability, they have spread over a considerable surface of society, enlisting fanatics of all classes—political, sentimental, and superstitious. But as the resisting and counteracting forces in the body of society threaten to arrest their further extension, the Peace party have imagined a mole-like course, whereby to inoculate the very babes and sucklings with their theory, and to doctrienate the entire cradle of Britain with Peace, ingrain and polemical. Hopeless of success in other quarters, they have directed the force of their maiden artillery against our nurseries, where they have spied an enemy strong in traditional associations and the right of unquestioned tenure, but feeble in its outward defences and powerless in its personal supporters. The enemy once ousted, the region he occupies seems to promise a crop of abiding and fruitful proselytes.

This well-devised plot has been made public by means of a manifestation issued under the auspices of Mr. Charles Dickens, through the medium of the periodical called *Household Words*. This Peace ukase exhibits a total misconception of the spirit of our own national nursery rhymes, owing apparently to a want of practical acquaintance with the subject and a confident reliance on spurious authorities. With the folly, as a component part of the theory of peace, we have nothing to do; we shall content ourselves with exposing the misrepresentation which has given that theory a form and an apology, and having freed Mother Goose from the ridiculous aspersions thrown on her, shall leave her in a clear arena, and with fair play, to fight her own battles with the Peace Society, either collectively or man by man.

We are told that the direct tendency of the nursery rhymes is to pervert and destroy the innocence and generosity of childhood; to foster violence, and to

encourage wanton and reckless cruelty, killing, theft, and greed. To make out this case, a vast number of verses are quoted, which make up an imposing array of horrors and improprieties very likely to bring our old friends into unmerited disrepute. Most of these purport to be taken from Halliwell. We have in our possession the authentic edition of Halliwell's collection, published by the Percy Society, and not one half of the jingles cited are to be found there; neither are they in Ritson's collection, called *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, still less in *Mother Goose's Melodies*, which is the oldest and most genuine of all, containing only rhymes and ditties in circulation all over England, while the collections of Ritson and Halliwell comprise many of merely local interest. The censured ditties which are to be found in any of the three authorities above mentioned are invariably misunderstood and misrepresented—rhymes, reflections, games, tales, and riddles, being jumbled together without explanation; so that lines, sentences, and couplets, being respectively isolated from the context, present images as unlike their real appearance as do the moon and the ocean in the hands of a subjective cockney poet. For instance—

Here comes a candle to light you to bed :
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head,

is given as a solitary couplet of exceeding "practical hideousness," whereas, as every schoolboy knows, these two lines belong to the middle of the game called "Oranges and Lemons," in which every individual of the company is elected to belong to one of two parties by means of a compulsory process not very remote from that liberty of choice which is usually enjoyed by the fighting champions of mighty chiefs. The two children who represent the leaders form an arch with united and upraised arms, under which the others pass in a string, the last being taken prisoner by the down-dropping arms which encircle his neck while the lines are repeated, and the captive makes choice of one of the two parties. When the whole are disposed of in this manner, the two parties form, and the second division of the game proceeds. It must be evident that, as the children are only elected to new action by this very innocent deapitation, it cannot possibly convey the ideas of death and murder.

Portions of several other games are misquoted in a similar manner, even the well-known—

Tit, tat, toe,
My first go,

which every man who has ever been a boy will remember as the *libretto* of that game of noughts and crosses played on a slate, is represented as a *song* of "abrupt and savage tone," "grim, gloomy, and vague."

Riddles, instead of being unriddled, are involved in additional perplexity and helpless entanglement. Propositions, which, when presented as a puzzle to be solved, and understood to hide some object or idea under an image purposely deceptive, are perfectly innocent, become "hideous" and horrible when accepted as realities. Here is one which, though evidently referring to a fruit, and classed by Halliwell among the riddles, is held up as a specimen of all that is improper :—

When I went up sandy-hill,
I met a sandy boy ;
I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,
And left his skin a hanging-o.

It seems quite marvellous that any person should take this harmless rhyme to be anything but a riddle, especially as the word "boy" is so commonly applied to favorite eatables, and "thim's the boys for my money" is a naturalized Hibernianism which greets many an admired potato, plump partridge, and luscious orange. But a greater amount of misconception falls to the share of the simple songs and rhymes; all their sly humor, quiet wisdom, and poetical justice is destined to miss fire in the nursery of Peace. The total inability to see the point of any one of them presents the most remarkable instance of mental blindness on record. Among the instances quoted to show that innocence and guilt fare alike in the nursery code is—

Lady-bird, lady-bird,
Fly away home;
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

This verse, which little children sing to the lady-bird, first letting it mount to the top of the forefinger, is intended as an incitement to her to fly off; it is always so sung and so understood. The mock pomposity and magnified importance with which five or six fellows set about some very trifling business, is a favorite scheme of the old nursery tale—probably of Norman origin, as many of the modern French ditties are of a similar character, and certainly not without its moral or application. It seems so very evident that the point of such stories as these consists in the manner of doing, and not in the thing to be done, that it is with unmitigated astonishment we see the charge of wanton killing under aggravated circumstances brought against—

We'll go a shooting, says Richard to Robin,
We'll go a shooting, says Robin to Bobbin,
We'll go a shooting, says John, all alone,
We'll go a shooting, says every one.

These magnanimous heroes having determined on this excursion, next proceed to deliberate on the game to be pursued, when it is unanimously decided to shoot "at a wren;" the wren being shot, there is a great difficulty about getting her home; in order to accomplish this they hire a cart, after some exertion manage to "hoist" their spoil into it, and, when safely returned home, share the booty amongst them. The fun very plainly consisting in the much ado about nothing expedition, and not in the death of the wren.

The accusation of encouraging theft rests on similar misrepresentation.

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief, &c.

and,

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run,

are two of the instances adduced in proof of this. But as both the criminals are punished, one with a broken head and the other with a beating, we see no greater inducement to theft furnished by their histories than that held out by the daily police reports, where imprisonment and transportation are awarded to similar delinquents, none of which conclusions seem to present terminal prospects of so cheering a nature as to encourage theft.

Half the verses quoted as condemnatory evidence are not included in the three authentic collections; they bear stereotyped evidence of their ungenuine-

ness in their unmeaning, ignorant, and vulgar physiognomy; they are also entirely deficient in the grace of rhythm and charm of melody which is the invariable attribute of the genuine nursery rhyme; they likewise lack the stamp of general currency which distinguishes the true coin with universal recognition. That such trash as that we refer to should be classed with the real ditties, shows a want of practical acquaintance with the subject which the subsequent treatment of the latter substantiates. A misapprehension which we sincerely hope may do our old friends no damage, as no new rhymes can replace them. The resolute will, the historical observation, the hardy training, the humorous reflection, the hearty jollity, and the ambushed wisdom of our ancestors, reveal their features to us there, singing with a wild melody, shouting with a lusty companionship which unites the youth of the past and the present in one common boyhood. No other set of rhymes could convey so much wisdom, love, and playfulness as these ancient ones supply. It is no slight proof of their aptitude for the sphere they occupy, that they should have spread and survived so long, unwritten and unprinted, as they have done. The spontaneous reflection of the political observer, the social censor, the detector of sham philosophies, sham moralities, sham heroisms, handed down from generation to generation, with the melodious lullaby that soothes the ear of the nervous infant, the rollicking merriment of the healthy boy, the thrifty lesson for the little maiden, and the primitive drama of the most familiar household implements. What a clear and striking picture of the evanescent nature of fame and popularity do the following lines convey! an effect heightened by the light ease of its expression:—

High ding-a-ding, and ho ding-a-ding,
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the king;
Some with new beavers, some with new bands,
The Parliament soldiers are all to be hanged.

The whole weakness of the

Three wise men of Gotham

is revealed in the second line—

Went to sea in a bowl;

and how sly and quietly the inevitable termination is told—

And if the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

How plainly the youthful spirit of vigorous England speaks out in the quick decision given to the parleying old "unready" in the following:—

A little old man and I fell out;
How shall we bring this matter about?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man!

The first principles for a minister for foreign affairs seem to be hinted here. We do not wonder that this infant promise of Palmerstonian chivalry made the Peace Society wince. There is another distich which they would also naturally seek to keep from the mouths of children, lest its tenets, reduced to practice, should overthrow that legislative principle which makes the sole ground of toleration for their parliamentary existence, while it brings the general body of Parliament into universal contempt. Babies who are in training for

honorable members would be quite unfitted for the exercise of that performance, as at present understood, if they were permitted to learn by heart that

A man of words, and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds.

There is a remarkable and prophetic intimation of the condition of Ireland question in the following distich :—

The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker,
All jumped out of a rotten potato.

The potato has had a great deal to do with the degradation of Ireland. It gave little trouble in the cultivation, and did not call forth the exercise of intelligence, prudence or arrangement ; as long as it was eatable her population relied entirely on it, and nothing short of its failure could stimulate the Irish to action. The frequent failure of the potato crop has removed that sloth-inspiring reliance, at first with fearful havoc and suffering, latterly with emigration and legislative interference, and ultimately, we may reasonably hope, with the "Butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker."

The "Lady and the Swine" is a capital picture of misplaced affections, her flattering promises being constantly met by the unconscious disregard of his invariable grunt. "A Frog he would a wooing ride" conveys, over and above the charm of its racy rhythm and quaint refrains, the moral that it is best to stay at home and mind your own business, as, in the most ancient version, all the actors come to harm except the lady mouse, who sits at home and spins. A still graver lesson is conveyed in the history of Margery Daw. A very spirited charivari is made out of the most humble materials into a farce of irresistible comicality, where the dramatic unities are preserved with due gravity, as in the following :—

The sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The dish jumped over the table,
To see the pot with the ladle,
The broom behind the butt
Called the dish-cloth a nasty slut ;
Odds-bobs, says the gridiron, can't they agree ?
I'm the head constable, bring them to me.

The nursery rhymes are full of observation, reflection, and wisdom, put in the simplest and most charming manner. There is a fine illustration of Mr. Carlyle's proposition, that "the eye sees only what it brings the capability of seeing," and that therefore "to Newton, and to Newton's dog Diamond, the sky is a very different thing," in the "Cat's Journey :"

Pussy cat, Pussy cat, where have you been ?
I've been to London, to see the Queen.
Pussy cat, Pussy cat, what did you there ?
I frightened a little mouse under a chair.

Pussy, with her feline eyes, had noted nothing but the mouse.

The old airs of some of these snatches and tales are very beautiful, especially those of "Curly Locks," "Green Brooms," "There was a little boy and a little girl," "My love he built a gallant ship," "Sing a song of sixpence," and "Where are you going, my pretty maid!" which Mrs. Jordan introduced in the *Belle's Stratagem*.

A very pretty edition of some *Ditties of the*

Olden Time, illustrated by a lady, was published at Brighton, and by Bogue, London, in 1850. The selection is for the most part excellent, but we must very strongly protest against the introduction of that very frightful song, "Three blind mice," into a book intended for children ; it is a glee, and has no right or pretension whatever to be included with nursery songs. The illustrations are excellent, the drawing and the designs pretty and graceful, and the arrangement very artistic, producing just the effect of distance, grandeur, or homeliness required, by the dexterous administration of a few strokes of the pencil. There is never too much, and never too little. It is always evident, too, that the spirit of the ditties has been apprehended by the illustrator—a faculty by no means common. The sketch of the song to the "Lady-bird" is one evidence of comprehension ; it consists of a little girl with up-raised finger, from which the insect is flying, just as we have described it to be the object of children to entice it to do. The vengeance of the blackbird pecking out the maid's nose, for having incarcerated his comrades in a piecrust, shows a nice sense of the poetical justice of the punishment. The other three scenes of the same song manifest an equally just conception. There is one mistake in the text, which, though probably given for the sake of rhyme, destroys the intention of the original by making the meaning too plain, which is fatal to a riddle. This occurs in the last line of "Humpty Dumpty," which should stand thus—

Could not set Humpty Dumpty on his legs again,
and not—

Could not put Humpty Dumpty together again,
as this collection has it, which would make the discovery of the egg too easy. There is also an unnecessary puzzle in the drawing belonging to the "Little Nut-Tree," which is a kind of thing to be avoided. The nut-tree is represented as bearing two fruits, a silver nutmeg and a golden pear ; in the sketch there is a broken creeping plant depending from the main tree, on which both fruits are growing ; this looks as if it were intended to account for the double fruit on the supposition of one being a parasite, which neither is, nor would it be in keeping with the spirit of the legend to explain the extraordinary produce on natural grounds. It is an exceedingly pretty book. It is much better to give children one book of a certain value than half-a-dozen cheap common ones, which offer no inducement to carefulness. We seldom see an original "Mother Goose" now ; the more's the pity. But we hope and believe that no misrepresentations will have power to prevent the rhymes which soothed, amused, and instructed the infancy of our ancestors from descending to our children's children, in unpruned wit, innocence, and gayety. The minds of children are eminently under the influence of association ; in like manner man's memory of his infancy partakes of the same spell. The snatches sung in the nursery are never forgotten, nor are they ever recalled without bringing back with them myriads of slumbering feelings and forgotten images. The sweet, wild voice of the mother rings on the ear, the fainter tones of the grandmother croon with a distance-quelling sweetness, and bring back the vivid pictures of the traditional great-grandfather, with his frank, hearty, grand old gentlemanliness, and his quaint, pleasant ways. So is one generation linked to another by the ever-living spirit of song. The research after the

authors of these would be hopeless, but there is every internal evidence and some precise data to show that they are not the "composition of uneducated old nurses and beldames," as is asserted. There is too much reflection, wit, and melody to warrant this supposition. Many of them are quoted and alluded to by the old dramatists, some probably originated with them. "Here we go up, up, up," was written by Dean Swift, and "Pussy-cat-mew jumped over a coal" was, we believe, Shelley's; he was never tired of repeating it.

The characteristics of our nursery rhymes are wit, comic humor, honesty, and tenderness, especially to animals. Those of Germany are more fantastical and less innocent. Those of France are more dramatic, chordographic, and gallant. The old ones are nearly all accompanied by action or dancing; even when the subject is prosy and totally unconnected with dancing, the verse invariably ends with an excuse for a ronde. We recollect one which, though it relates solely to selling fowls, is nevertheless made an excuse for dancing:—

J'ai des poules à vendre,
Des noirs et des blanches,
Quatre pour un sou,
Mam'selle, détournez vous.

The subjects are generally courtship and gallantry, with more or less dramatic action, but always with a ronde or some kind of dancing; "Le chevalier du Guet" and "Giroflé Girofla" are good samples. Courtship is the theme of both, and both are danced in the fashion of the old Trenise in a quadrille, except that the Chevalier du Guet has a supplementary action resembling the first part of the English "Oranges and Lemons." Of this class the most original and pretty is "La Marguerite," which is so characteristic of France, and contains such strong features of chivalry, that we give it entire, premising that the child representing La Marguerite kneels on the ground, and is surrounded by those who act the stones of her castle, and who hold her dress up above her head to form the inner tower in which she is ensconced; to this group the child who impersonates the loyal knight advances, dancing round the group while he puts his questions, and carrying off one each time till the last lets the frock fall, and the lady of the castle is then revealed; she runs away, pursued by the knight, who, if he catches her, kisses her, and the game ends.

LA MARGUERITE.

La jeune fille qui fait le rôle du Franc Cavalier, s'avançant.

Où est la Marguerite?
Oh! gai, oh! gai, oh! gai,
Où est la Marguerite?
Oh! gai, Franc cavalier.

Les autres.

Elle est dans son château;
Oh! gai, &c.

Le Franc Cavalier.

Ne peut-on pas la voir?
Oh! gai, &c.

Les autres.

Les murs en sont trop haut,
Oh! gai, &c.

Le Franc Cavalier.

J'en abattrai une pierre,
Oh! gai, &c.

Taking away one of the children who form the castle with her, which she repeats till all are gone.

Les autres.

Une pierre ne suffit pas,
Oh! gai, &c.

Le Franc Cavalier.

J'en abattrai deux pierres,
Oh! gai, &c.

Les autres.

Deux pierres ne suffisent pas,
Oh! gai, &c.

Le Franc Cavalier.

J'en abattrai trois pierres,
Oh! gai, &c.

These assurances are repeated on both sides till all are disposed of but one, who holds up the heroine's frock.

Le Franc Cavalier.

Qu'est-ce qu'il y a là dedans?

Reponse.

Un petit paquet de linge à blanchir.

Le Franc Cavalier.

Je vais chercher mon petit couteau, pour le couper.

The attendant lets the dress fall here, and La Marguerite runs away, pursued by the Franc Cavalier, and the game ends.

Those which are merely songs mostly consist of fanciful paradoxes, in which unbecoming subjects for laughter often furnish the merriment. There is one universally sung, in which the singer's father is represented as the chief actor; for the sake of stringing all sorts of contradictions together. The most sacred feelings furnish matter for comment, as the following specimen will show:

A la mort de ma mère
Mon père se trouvait veuf,
Et pour montrer sa douleur
Il s'habillait tout de neuf.

* * * * *

Vous connaissiez cette dame
Qu'il appelait sa Zonzon—
S'il n'eût pas pris de femme
Il eût resté toujours garçon.

The air belonging to this unamiable song is provokingly pretty. There are others turning old age into ridicule in a way which it is better to ignore; and some of the later productions of the French nursery muse are quite abominable. There are none worse than the *Vieux Château des Ardennes*, a tale of unexampled wickedness and horror, of seduction, murder, devils, and ghosts, which was written by Cazotte, at the request of Madame Poissonnier, expressly to be sung to her infant charge, the Duc de Bourgogne, grandson of Louis XV. And lest by any chance the child's mind should escape the impression of fear from the terrors of the tale, the termination of each verse suggests the sensation:

Hélas! ma bonne, hélas! que j'ai grand peur!

It is still a favorite song for children in town and country, and an unailing resource of the timid *paysanne*, who can procure by its aid, for herself and companions, "le plaisir d'avoir peur."

We have to thank the nurse of the dauphin, son to Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette, for the preservation of a very different sort of song, the

tragi-comical history of the death and burial of Marlborough, or "Malbrough," as the French have it. This song was composed during his lifetime, and supposes him to have been killed at the battle of Malplaquet, thirteen years before his death took place. Marie Antoinette, struck with the touching simplicity of the air, the singular refrain, naive words, and curious subject, learned it from the rustic nurse, and it immediately became the rage, and was printed, painted, and sung everywhere.

Some of the best and worst fairy tales are of French origin; but the modern ones are tinctured in the queerest way imaginable with the two great moral principles of France. A babe, as soon as it can toddle, is told to "*soyez raisonnable*;" and very soon after to "*respecter les convenances*;" and those two precepts are inculcated in every possible manner. There is a tale in which the princess falls in love with some very inferior person, and won't marry the prince for whom she is destined. She elopes with this personage, and they arrive at a desert, where, after a few sweet speeches, they are both seized with hunger. They search about for something to eat, without success. The princess bears the privation bravely, but the lover begins to get grumpy; from being grumpy he proceeds to rudeness, from rudeness to reproaches, and ultimately announces his intention of satisfying his appetite by killing and eating the princess, who is only saved from this *dénouement* by the arrival of a fairy, who restores her to her family; she then marries the prince, and so ends this remarkable warning against mesalliance.

Leaving the rhymes, songs, and fairy tales of venerable tradition for the graver region of educational and instructive books, we find the supply enormous as regards number, but woefully small as regards quality. Rhyme is a good medium for conveying knowledge to little children; it is both more pleasing and more easily retained than prose. Chronological, historical, geographical, and other precise information of a similar kind, is indelibly impressed on the memory when acquired by means of rhyme. It would be curious to ascertain how many grave personages refer for the number of days in a month to the lines learnt in childhood:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one.

In creations of a higher kind there is a great dearth for the childish mind. With the exception of some of Wordsworth, and one or two of Southey, there are none sufficiently simple in the works of the great poets; and the rhymes written especially for children are anything but poetry, contain anything but truth and beauty. In hymn-books the absence of the first may be compensated by the presence of the latter; but there are none which properly lead the child's feelings, and point its relations to God. *Hymns for Infant Minds*, by Ann and Jane Taylor, include several very nice hymns, but the later editions contain new introductions, such as the death of "The Aged Christian," and "The Aged Sinner," "The Day of Judgment," and some others equally objectionable in character and treatment, which quite destroy the beauty and fitness of the original appearance. Mrs. Barbauld's *Prose Hymns* are too reflective and difficult for very little children. There is a

collection of *Hymns for Little Children*, published by Joseph Masters, Aldersgate street, which has very deservedly run through several editions; it comes nearer towards what is needed in this respect than any other we are acquainted with. There is a simple sweetness in the tone, and a proportionate discrimination in fitting the great truths to the feelings and comprehension of infancy. The child is led to realize the conception and need of a Heavenly Father through the ties and affections of home in a manner at once simple and forcible. Death is gently and tenderly introduced to the infant, not as the conclusion, but as part of our life, in its larger sense. This little collection is nevertheless not entirely free from the common error of contrasting the quiet humility of flowers with the pride and vanity of man, as though any merit or matter of remotest choice to the plants to be, or wish, or do other than they are, existed for them. Whenever these things are mentioned in Scripture, how different is the principle of comparison—"Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Here we are told that no human effort can produce the beautiful effect of the Creator's most humble work; but no parallel is drawn between the causes of their mode of existence and ours. Their life is arbitrary, blameless, and praiseless—while to us freedom and choice are given. All untrue pictures and analogies are mischievous; if they teach anything, it is only to be unlearned when observation and experience offer their contradictory evidence, and too often the truth which has been falsely introduced is swept away with the untrue medium, classed in one common condemnation of unmeaning words. In the little book of hymns under consideration there are other passages which exhibit on the same subject an evidence that the simple truth can be grasped by the authoress, and we trust that truer understanding may prevail if another edition of these otherwise unexceptionable and loving little utterances should be demanded. Stories about animals and insects, in which most children delight, are generally spoiled by the same mistaken doctrinization. The greatness of the Creator is dragged down and mirrored by the littleness of the author. The truth of one statement thus becomes the falsehood of the next, and the poor child is misled by the itinerant preachers, who make the lion or the butterfly into a tub from whence to fulminate erroneous doctrine. If the child is called upon to thank God that he is born in a country where there are no bears, he is taught to rejoice selfishly in a position to which he has been preferred in preference to another portion of mankind whom he is told to regard as brothers. If he is called upon to acknowledge it as a proof of God's goodness that he made the elephant amiable, the reflective child is puzzled as to what it ought to feel with regard to the creation of the lion and the tiger. Such teachers as these miss the true lesson which may be inculcated by everything animate and inanimate after a more harmonious and diverse manner:—

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms; mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence—not bestowed
In vain should such example be.

In the class called moral tales there is an equally extensive dearth of books answering to a nice discrimination of that quality. In most the children are preternaturally good or preternaturally bad, a make-believe representation of life which children soon detect, and these unnatural little patterns and warnings fail to stimulate their emulation or to excite their forbearance, because they do not call forth their sympathy as much as *Jack the Giant-Killer* or *Robinson Crusoe*. These are felt to be true persons, and the remarkable circumstances in which they are placed are not so foreign to the feelings and imagination of the little reader, to whom all the unknown world may be quite as wonderful as are the artificial little personages who are painted from the scenes of every-day life, on which the child's observation can act for itself. There is another and equally reprehensible fault in modern books—holding up grown people to the censure and criticism of children. Whether as contrasting the good boy's parents with the bad boy's parents, or in what form soever this impulse is given, it is sowing a seed of evil—teaching what will come too soon of itself, and from the tendency of social example and the direct inculcation of popular literature. It is the privilege of the child that he shall be exempt from judgment as to his own actions—that he shall be thought for. This faculty should be equally dormant with regard to other people and their doings; it is only to be developed with his years, when it must be exercised as the attribute of a different state. To call forth the spirit of criticism in children is to instil into their tender minds the vainest of temptations, that of getting their own faults hid by gazing on those of other people, a mental legerdemain whereby we—

Compound for sins we are inclined to
By damning those we have no mind to;

a process fatal to the innocence and respect of childhood.

Miss Edgeworth's early tales still keep the foremost place as depicting the characters of children without blinking or exaggeration. The *Parent's Cabinet** follows in the same path. It contains a great variety of matter suitable to various ages and requirements, and is entirely free from the errors we have remarked above. The tales are good in principle and natural in manner; the instructive stories, whether conveying historical, mechanical or natural information, are excellent. The subjects are well chosen, taken from things which come under the daily notice of children, such as pumps, clocks, martens, pigeons, frogs, toads, &c., and are quite free from unnecessary comments and absurd reflections. We object to historical tales for two reasons; in the first place, because we know of no good ones, history and probability being lost sight of in the endeavor after local or periodical mannerism in all we have met with; and, in the second place, because the minds of children are so eminently associative that the illustrative tales would come between the child and actual history, clouding and bewildering his impressions. All who have had much to do with children will recognize the excessive influence of association on their intelligence, so that if a child have been early initiated into mathematics by the aid of illustrative colors, it is a difficult matter to get him to see that a para-

bola is not necessarily red, nor an hyperbola essentially blue.

Of all fictions the Danish tales of Hans Christian Andersen are the most perfect. The characteristic charm of Andersen's writing is its expansiveness; gay, tender, innocent and educational to children, it is full of wisdom for the wise, wit for the witty, and humor for the humorous; and so skillfully are all these elements introduced and arranged, so cunningly are they enveloped in characters intelligible only to the already initiated, that, like sympathetic ink, they come forth to none but the gifted.

The wisdom is not poured headlong on the child, the satire does not excite him to judge and criticize, the humor does not encourage him to ridicule, nor the wit inculcate presumption. The very perfection of tales are these; loving and wise, with a beautiful combination of humor and pathos, containing on the surface and for the child's ear all that a child may hear; and in stranger tones, inaudible to him, lessons for the worldly, the presumptuous, the thoughtless, and all the various shades of worldly arrogance and error, whose faintest whispers cannot disturb the undeveloped nature of the infant. There is no preaching; no lowering the divine and disfiguring the beauty of nature and humanity by miserable attempts to explain everything by one square rule, bringing down the wisdom of the uninterpretable to serve as signpost to every common-place.

The story of the "Ugly Duck" is a good average specimen of his style. This poor bird, the only ugly one of the brood, is ill-treated from the moment of its birth on account of its ugliness. The little family are hatched in a nest under burdock leaves, and the ducklings, finding so much more room under their shade than in the close egg-shell, exclaim with infinite satisfaction—

"How immense the world is!"

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said their mother. "It extends far towards the other side of the garden, straight to the vicar's field; but there I have never been."

When the new brood are first presented in the poultry-yard, they "find two families quarrelling over the remains of some fried eel, which nobody but the cat got after all."

"Behold, my children," said Mamma Duck, and licked her bill, for she had a taste for fried eel, too, "such is the world!"

They are next instructed in duck etiquette, and introduced to "her grace" the old Spanish duck, who tells them to make themselves at home, and if they find an eel's head to take it to her. "And then they feel quite at home." But all the poultry-yard are unkind to the ugly duck, some peck it, and some taunt it—the most severe being always the most civilized. "And the turkey-cock that had spurs on when he came into the world, and therefore fancied himself an emperor," is particularly spiteful; so the ugly duck escapes, and after various persecutions from men and animals, stands "one evening in front of a little hut, so wretched a tenement that it could not determine on which side it should fall down, and therefore remained standing." Here dwelt an old woman with her tom-cat and her hen; the duck is received into this family, where "the tom-cat was master in the house, and the hen was mistress; and they always said, *We and the World*; for they thought

* The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1832, 1833.

that they were the half of the world, and by far the better half into the bargain. The duck thought it might be of another opinion; but that the hen would not allow :—

"Can you lay eggs?" asked she.

"No."

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

And the tom-cat said, "Can you put up your back, and purr, and make a cracking noise?"

"No."

"Well, then, you ought to have no opinion of your own when sensible people are speaking."

The poor duck, though not convinced, is silenced for some time: till "it suddenly began to think about the fresh air and the sunshine; and it longed so very much to swim on the water, that it could not refrain from expressing this desire to the hen."

"What next, I wonder?" said the hen. "You have nothing to do, and so you sit brooding over such fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and you 'll forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim on the water!" said the duck; "so delightful when it dashes over one's head, and one dives down to the very bottom!"

"Well, that must be a fine pleasure!" said the hen. "You are crazy, I think. Ask the cat, who is the cleverest man I know, if he would like to swim on the water, or perhaps to dive; to say nothing of myself. Ask our mistress, the old lady, and there is no one in the world cleverer than she is; do you think that she would much like to swim on the water, and for the water to dash over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duck.

"Understand, indeed! If we don't understand you who should do so? . . . Now just take the trouble to learn to purr or make a cracking noise."

So the duck leaves this clever intolerant party, and after a few more troubles it settles on a sheet of water, hoping to be killed and put out of its misery by some noble birds to which it feels inexpressibly attracted; but the beautiful creatures receive it kindly, and, on bending its head down to smooth its plumage, it sees its own reflection in the water, and finds that it has grown like the stately birds beside it, and so from having been considered an ugly duck it becomes a lovely swan.

We will not describe the touching story of "The Little Mermaid," with her dignified grandmother, who orders six large oysters to hang themselves to the tail of the princess as a sign of her high descent; and rejects the little Mermaid's complaint of being hurt by them, by the assurance that "little discomforts are not to be minded if we wish to look well;" neither will we sketch the Swineherd and the foolish Princess, nor the witty tale of the "Emperor's New Clothes," nor the deep wisdom of the "Shadow" which assumes to be a man, and gradually supplants the real man to whom it was shadow, by dint of some adventitious circumstances and the aid of dress. "Yes, the Shadow was extremely well dressed, and it was just that which made so complete a man of him,"—because we would not mar the delight which these tales can confer on old and young, by giving portions of what should be read entire.

The most hopeful fiction for young people we have seen for a long time is *Ethel Lea*;* which, though of an interest too mature for very little children, and embracing machinery somewhat too complicated, contains all the materials necessary

* *Ethel Lea*: a Story. By Anna King. Author of *Hours of Childhood*. London: John W. Parker and Son.

to make a good writer of children's tales. There is such a real understanding of what a good English home can be in mansion and cottage; such a fresh natural picturing of "the boys;" such a thorough knowledge of animals and their ways, and such happy sketches of their doings in the family circle, that the authoress has only to improve on these faculties, and with her true insight into things, and sensible discrimination of the reverential disposition of the religious elements, she may become a welcome addition to the very small circle of those who can write good tales for children. The stories supposed to be written by Alan Lea, though their sentimental style may be a very good representation of a boy's manner, would have been much better if told in the authoress' own natural way.

In most of the semi-instructive books for children, facts of every kind are represented, not as they are, but as they appear reflected from a cylindrical mirror of cant. The model for books, combining both information and amusement, is *Sir Hornbook or Childe Launcelot's Expedition*. (J. Cundall, Bond street.) It is a grammatico-allegorical ballad. The design is excellent, and the execution faultless. Childe Launcelot, (the student,) bearing the talisman of Emulation, rouses Sir Hornbook, who, with all his merry-men, joins the Childe in his expedition, and promises to be his guide.

He called his *Corporal Syllable*,
To range the scattered throng;
And *Captain Word* disposed them well
In bands compact and strong.

By the way-side they fall in with two men.

"What men are you beside the way?"

The bold-Sir Hornbook cried.

"My name is Thee, my brother's A,"

Sir Article replied.

"My brother's home is anywhere,

At large and undefined;

But I a preference ever bear

For one fixed spot, and settle there,

Which speaks my constant mind."

They travel on till they come to the dwelling-place of the substantive.

Before the circle stood a knight,

Sir Substantive his name,

With Adjective his lady bright,

Who seemed a portly dame;

Yet only seemed; for whensoe'er

She strove to stand alone,

She proved no more than smoke and air

Who looked like flesh and bone.

And therefore to her husband's arm

She clung for evermore,

And lent him many a grace and charm

He had not known before.

Having conquered these, and marched off with them, their children and dependents, they next march on Sir Pronoun, whose position and downfall are capitally described; and when he is disposed of, they ascend to the abode of Sir Verb.

Sir Verb was old, and many a year,

All scenes and climates seeing,

Had run a wild and strange career

Through every mode of being.

The canto which describes the attack on Sir Verb,

and the characteristic resistance of all the different moods and tenses, is very good.

Conjunction pressed to join the crowd ;
But Preposition swore,
Though Interjection sobb'd aloud
That he would go before.

Sir Hornbook next leads the Childe to the place where Sir Syntax and Prosody reside.

And these two claimed, with high pretence,
The whole Parnassian ground,
Albeit some little difference
Between their taste was found ;
Sir Syntax he was all for sense,
And Prosody for sound.

Yet in them both the Muses fair
Exceedingly delighted,
And thought no earthly thing so rare,
That might with that fond twain compare,
When they were both united.

They next overtake Etymology, and Sir Hornbook takes leave of Childe Launcelot, leaving him to wander in those regions of promise. The verse is martial, metrical, and musical ; the definitions are as accurate as they could be in the most precise prose, and are further assisted by short notes ; the action has, apart from its allegorical meaning, all the vividness of a heroic ballad, and the illustrations are elegant and appropriate.

There may be other books, besides those we have mentioned, equally excellent in the respective branches of tales and instructive fictions. We have given, of those we are acquainted with, such as are representatives of that which should form the constructive principle of the different kinds.

In connexion with nursery literature certain views about toys occur to us. There never was a period in which so great a variety, and of such beautiful workmanship, were to be met with, and yet we have seen none which supply any desideratum that the old-fashioned ones lacked. Children's wants seem to be multiplied, while their needs remain unprovided for. Every article, from the scullery to the attic, of household use, is accurately mimicked in the doll's house ; everything, from the barking dog to the polished cannon, is imitated with precision. There are even pumps which will pump up water as well as real ones, but children tire of these things very soon, because there is nothing in them to employ their own minds ; the toys do too much, and leave nothing for the child to do ; or too little, and do not occupy the child in arranging and tracing causes. A piece of card, out of which a child is directed to form its own cart, house, or boat, will occupy it longer, and instruct it more than a whole box-full of ready-made articles. Of the in-door toys now existent, the doll, box of bricks, Noah's ark, transparent slate, and colored right angles for forming designs and patterns, are excellent, and afford never-failing amusement. But there is a wide field of invention for the production of toys of a very superior kind, affording permanent amusement, because necessitating occupation, and giving instruction of the most useful practical kind. If, instead of making effect-producing toys, people would arrange cause-explaining ones, giving a dissected pump, whose pumping would depend on the child's putting it together properly, instead of a ready-made one, whose mode of working is an impenetrable secret, amusement would be prolonged, while instruction would be imparted. Locomotives, wind-

mills, and fifty other mechanical toys of a similar nature might be manufactured. These would have two other advantages—they would tend to develop the mechanical talent wherever it existed, and that talent being the one which at the present day offers the widest scope to discovery and intelligence, it becomes important to ascertain and foster its existence. They would also instil carefulness ; being made in separate pieces, the loss of any one of which would incapacitate the whole, children would learn to collect and put them away after use.

All the various machinery of songs, toys, tales, and science, is a valuable adjunct to the education of the home example. The lessons of literature must second and not contradict the experience of actuality. An atmosphere of definite relations must enclose and unite all the feelings, duties, and instructions of the child, and all that is not so enclosed will crumble away like the baseless fabric of a vision, or enchain the misled intelligence to a foggy land of quagmires and fens.

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF THE DOG.—Of the dog we can all be eloquent ; and I could relate "true anecdotes" of some of my canine favorites that would hardly be credited. Still, with all my success in teaching dogs to do marvellous things, *I never could teach them that when they jumped up with dirty feet, there was an injury done to my clothes.* When they obeyed the command of "Down sir !" sometimes enforced by a gentle *coup de main*, they never could reason about the "why and because." Nor have I ever yet met with any dog, or ever heard of any dog, that could be "argued with" on these moral proprieties and observances. Talking of the memory of dogs, one of mine, "Dash" by name, was once stolen from me. After being absent thirteen months, he one day entered my office in town, with a long string tied round his neck. He had broken away from the fellow who held him prisoner. Our meeting may be imagined. I discovered the thief had him apprehended ; and took him before a magistrate. He swore the dog was *his*, and called witnesses to bear him out. "Mr. Kidd," said Mr. Twyford—I see him now—addressing me, "can you give us any satisfactory proof of this dog being your property ?" Placing my mouth to the dog's ear—first giving him a knowing look—and whispering a little masonic communication, known to us two only, "Dash" immediately reared up on his hind legs, and went through a series of gymnastic manoeuvres with a stick, guided meanwhile by my eye, which set the whole court in a roar. My evidence needed no further corroboration ; the thief stood committed ; "Dash" was liberated ; and amidst the cheers of the multitude we bounded merrily homewards. The *r  union* among my "household gods" may be imagined. It would be farcical to relate it ; nor must I dwell upon certain other rare excellences of this same dog, with whom, and his equally sagacious better half, "Fanny," I passed many years of happy intimacy.—*Kidd's Essays on Instinct and Reason (in the Gardeners' Chronicle).*

BONPLAND THE BOTANIST.—An American traveller has sent an account to the Geographical Society at Paris, of his meeting with M. Bonpland, Humboldt's celebrated companion, near San Borgia, where he lives happily with his family, constantly making additions to his Herbarium, which he considers as belonging to France, and which contains at least 3000 plants ; the collecting of it seems to have obliterated the bitterness of his forced detention by Dr. Francia.—(*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxi, p. 93).

From the Spectator.

FORTUNE'S TEA DISTRICTS OF CHINA AND INDIA.*

MR. FORTUNE'S narrative contains a good deal of useful information as regards the tea-shrub and other Chinese plants, together with many sketches of Chinese scenery and towns. Its chief popular interest arises from the tours that the author made through the tea district in the disguise of a Chinaman, purporting to come from a place some distance beyond the Great Wall. His means of observing what is called life, or wandering in tourist fashion through great towns, were of course limited, to avoid unnecessary exposure to scrutiny; the incidents of his journey were few, and seldom reached beyond an occasional "row," in which his servants rather than himself were implicated; but the narrative opens up so much novelty in manners, characters, and modes of life, while it is throughout pervaded by that amusing feature of comedy which consists in one of the dramatis personæ taking another for what he is not, that the travels have the interest of a novel of the Gil Blas school. The reader, moreover, gets a picture of China such as it would be vain to seek for in the pages of a known European traveller; for he would neither see the people so undisguisedly nor could he mingle so much among them in an everyday manner.

This picture confirms the representations of the Jesuits as to the high civilization of the Chinese, and the regularity and power of the government at least for preserving social order—unless we ascribe it, as in the case of Britain, to the orderly habits of the people. Of course, persons who associate civilization with the inventions of the last thirty or forty years, and reckon every country barbarous that has not steam-boats, railways and electric telegraphs, will dissent from this opinion. Those who have somewhat larger views, yet cannot abstract their ideas from the state of society in which they were bred, may deem locomotion by horses and chariots essential to civilization; but this will not be found in China, at least in the districts Mr. Fortune passed through. The general mode of travelling is by passage-boats, tracked when the wind or current is adverse; or by chairs, after the fashion of our old sedan-chairs, only made much lighter, especially for short journeys. Hence, the roads are often narrow; but they are well made, and well kept, being sometimes paved. Those who are aware of the state of cross country-roads, or even of the high-roads in England within the memory of persons yet living, and who can fancy what they were in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland a century or two ago, can appreciate the regard for public convenience which constructed the following way through so wild a district, and not on a leading line of traffic.

An excellent paved road led us up through a deep ravine. Frequently the branches of the trees met above our heads and darkened the way. Everything had a wild appearance. Streams were gushing from the mountain-sides, and fell over rocky precipices, when they were lost to the eye amidst the rich and

tropical-looking foliage of the pines. Uniting at the bottom of the mountains, they form a river, and flow onward to swell the waters of the Min.

When we had got some distance from the base of the mountain, the road became so steep that I was obliged to get out of my chair and walk. Once or twice, when I found myself a considerable way in advance of my men, the road seemed so wild and lonely that I felt almost afraid. It seemed a fit place for tigers and other ferocious animals to spring upon one out of the dense brushwood. We reached the top of the pass in about an hour from the time we commenced the ascent. As the day was close and hot, I was glad to find there a small inn, where I procured some tea; which was most acceptable and refreshing.

Resting awhile on the top of the mountain, I enjoyed one of those glorious prospects which well reward the traveller for all his toil, and then pursued my journey.

Everything shows the same old society and long-established order and civilization. The chairs are as numerous and as readily procurable, even in the lesser class of towns, as a cab in London; the passage-boats are as regular, and much more numerous than they used to be here in our more limited waters, before steam was applied to navigation, and the improvement of the roads facilitated rapid travelling by land. The inns are numerous and well-conducted, reminding one of the great hostels of the later middle ages in Europe; while the Buddhist priests, who receive travellers in their monasteries, as was formerly the case in Christendom, and as it still occasionally is in very remote districts, call to mind the refectories of the middle ages. The more important towns are full of handsome shops; the streets thronged with a busy population; and the roads leading from the great Bohea district to the emporiums are almost as crowded as the streets. Signs of a civilized, indeed a refined society, are seen in the trades ministering not only to luxury but to taste—as in a business peculiarly likely to attract Mr. Fortune's attention, that of nurserymen or florists. The public dramatic amusements, the richness of the costumes, and the peculiarities of Chinese architecture and gardening are well known; but it seems the Celestial amateurs of floriculture like to exhibit their rarities, as we do, and there are also show-places, exhibited precisely as in England.

On the following day, while walking on shore with some of the other passengers, we came to a village, in which there was a celebrated garden and temple belonging to a family of high rank and influence in the country. The head of the family himself had died a short time before, but the place was still kept up in excellent style. It seemed to be open to the public, and we determined to go and see it.

The place had no pretensions to what in England would be called a fine garden; but it was evidently considered unique by the Chinese in this part of the country. Small square courts were seen here and there, ornamented with rock-work, and planted with the favorite flowers of the district. The fragrant olive, moutan, sacred bamboo (*Nandina domestica*), and other common shrubs, were met with in great abundance. Some pretty ponds were filled with the favorite water-lily. But the most interesting plant of all was a new evergreen holly, with leaves somewhat like the Portugal laurel, very handsome and ornamental.

Amongst the buildings there was a pretty small pagoda, which we ascended, and from its top had an excellent view of the surrounding country. The whole place had evidently been laid out for the pur-

* A Journey to the Tea Countries of China, including Seng-lo and the Bohea Hills; with a short Notice of the East India Company's Tea Plantations in the Himalaya Mountains. By Robert Fortune, Author of "Three Years' Wanderings in China." With Map and Illustrations. Published by Murray.

pose of giving plays and fêtes on an extensive scale. Summer-houses, ornamental towers, balconies, and ancestral temples, were scattered over the grounds. The tout ensemble had an imposing appearance, and was just such as the Chinese most admire. Guides conducted us through the place in the same way as at the show-houses in England, and also expected to be paid for their services. The resemblance went a little further, for we were passed on from one guide to another, and each had to be paid.

One of the strongest proofs of the long-established social civilization of China—so long established that it is now probably decayed, and awaiting but a tempest or two to break it up—is the freedom of locomotion enjoyed by the people. The tea-cultivators whom Mr. Fortune engaged for the East India Company's plantations in the Himalaya, had no difficulty in leaving their district and embarking for India. There is no passport system to impede the traveller for business or pleasure; nor did Mr. Fortune meet let or hindrance from guards or police, and a slight inquiry was only once made of his servants on passing from one province into another. The garrulity of one of his followers betrayed him to his fellow-passengers in a boat, and he was once evidently suspected at an inn by merchants from Shanghai and Canton who were familiar with the European physiognomy; but no unpleasant result followed.

Neither did any actual inconvenience arise upon any occasion; but, as there is some of the vis comica when Mr. Fortune appears among the Celestials, as a man from a far distant region imperfectly speaking the language of the district he is in, so the "foreign devil" in his turn contributes to the comedy, when the accidents of the road place him in a position where discovery seems to be imminent. This generally arose from some roguery on the part of his servants, or persons engaged by them, in desiring to appropriate to themselves a part of the money belonging to others. An example of this kind took place at Hang-chow-foo, a city which Mr. Fortune reached by passage-boat, and where he changed his line of route.

Wang, who had been sent on shore at daybreak to procure a chair, and coolies for our luggage, now came back and informed me that he had succeeded in arranging all this at an inn hard by, to which we must now go. Leaving the boat, we walked up a crowded street for nearly a quarter of a mile, and then entered the inn in question. No one took the slightest notice of me; a circumstance which gave me a good deal of confidence, and led me to conclude that I was dressed in a proper manner, and that I made a pretty good Chinaman.

Our Shanghai boatmen accompanied us, carrying our luggage; indeed, I believe they had recommended us to the inn at which we had now arrived. To my astonishment, they at once informed their friend the innkeeper that I was a foreigner. Having been paid their fare, they had nothing more to expect, and I suppose could not contain the secret any longer. I now expected that some difficulties would be experienced in procuring a chair, either through fear of the mandarins, or with the view of extorting money. The old man, who made his living by letting chairs and selling tea, took everything very quietly, and did not seem to despise a good customer, even if he was a foreigner. A chair was soon ready for me to proceed on my journey. The bearers were paid by the master of the house to take me one stage—about half way; and a sum of money was given them to engage another chair for the remainder of the journey,

to a place called Kan-du, which is situated on the banks of the large river which here falls into the bay of Hang-chow.

Everything being satisfactorily arranged, I stepped into the chair, and, desiring my two servants to follow me, proceeded along the narrow streets at a rapid pace.

When we were about half way through the city, the chairmen set me down, and informed me that they went no further. I got out and looked round for my servants, from whom I expected an explanation, for I had understood that the chairmen had been paid to take me the whole way through. My servants, however, were nowhere to be seen—they had either gone some other road, or, what was more probable, had intentionally kept out of the way in case of any disturbance. I was now in a dilemma, and did not clearly see my way out of it. Much to my surprise and pleasure, however, another chair was brought me, and I was informed that I was to proceed in it. I now understood how the business had been managed. The innkeeper had intrusted the first bearers with a sum of money sufficient to hire another chair for the second stage of the journey. Part of this sum, however, had been spent by them in tea and tobacco as we came along, and the second bearers could not be induced to take me on for the sum which was left. A brawl now ensued between the two sets of chairmen, which was noisy enough; but as such things are quite common in China, it seemed, fortunately for me, to attract but little notice. The situation in which I was now placed was rather critical, and far from an enviable one. Had it been known that a foreigner was in the very heart of the city of Hang-chow-foo, a mob would have soon collected, and the consequences might have been serious.

I had taken my seat in the second chair, and was patiently waiting until such time as the first men could give the second satisfactory reasons for spending part of their cash in tea and tobacco. The first notice, however, which I received of the unsuccessful result of this attempt, was an intimation that I was to be ejected from the chair. I knew this would not do, as from my imperfect knowledge of the language I might have some difficulty in finding another conveyance, and I did not know one foot of the way which I was going. I was therefore obliged to inquire into the dispute, and put an end to it by promising to pay the difference when we arrived at the end of our stage. This was evidently what the first rascals had been calculating upon; but it had the effect of stopping all further disputes, and my bearers shouldered their burden and jogged onwards.

I had seen nothing of my servants during the whole way, and was beginning to expect a scene or adventure at the end of this part of the journey. The chair-bearers spoke a peculiar dialect, which I could scarcely make out, and I kept wondering as we went along what would happen next. The only thing I could make out was, that they were taking me to a *Hong-le*; but what a *Hong-le* was, was beyond my comprehension.

To carry out my own principles and trust to circumstances, seemed to be the only way of proceeding, and I gave myself very little uneasiness about the result. At length I heard the men say that here was the *Hong-le*; and as I was about to look and see what this might be, the chair was set down, and it was intimated to me that we had reached the end of the journey. Greatly to my surprise and pleasure, I now found that this *Hong-le* was a quiet and comfortable Chinese inn, which was frequented by passengers from all parts of the country. Getting out of my chair, I walked quietly up to the further end of the large hall, and began to look amongst a number of packages which were heaped up there for my own luggage. I had seen nothing of either that or

any servants since I left the former inn. It had arrived, however, quite safely, having been sent on by a coolie before me; and in a few minutes my two men also made their appearance.

The inn in which I was located was a large old building, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Green river. All the lower part formed a sort of shed or warehouse, which was filled with goods of various kinds and the luggage of passengers. At the upper end of this apartment a table was placed in the middle of the floor, and served for the host and his guests to dine upon. Around this table were sitting five or six respectable-looking Chinese merchants, smoking from long bamboo pipes, and discussing the news of the day and the state of trade. These men politely made way for me at the table. I took the seat offered, and to be neighbor-like commenced smoking as fast as any of them. In other parts of the warehouse the servants of these men and other travelling servants were loitering about, or sound asleep upon the chairs or goods. No one seemed to take any particular notice of me, and I soon sat perfectly at my ease.

The larger half of a century has elapsed since Adam Smith considered that China had reached the declining state of political economy. The decline of national spirit had doubtless commenced before the Tartar conquest, or that would never have taken place. To discover the reasons of this decline would require a much greater knowledge of Chinese history and institutions than Europeans in general possess; but an immutable conservatism seems to have had much to do with it. The ruling classes—the emperor, the high state officers, the bureaucracy, and the guides of education—persisted in upholding traditional dogmas, that were no longer applicable in their integrity to the feelings of the Chinese, or the widely altered state of the outward world. The communication between the Chinese and Europeans, limited as it was, shaped and added to the influence of time. The late war has dissipated the foreign prestige as to the power of China, and the national opinion in the districts that were the seat of it. The deepest shock, perhaps, has been the permission of residence, which already has affected the greatest changes at Shanghai; Mr. Fortune found a wonderful difference between his present and his former visit.

When these remarks were written, the war had just been brought to a satisfactory termination, and the treaty of Nanking had been wrung from the Chinese. The first merchant-ship had entered the river, one or two English merchants had arrived, and we were living in wretched Chinese houses, eating with chopsticks, half-starved with cold, and sometimes drenched in bed with rain. When the weather happened to be frosty, we not unfrequently found the floors of our rooms in the morning covered with snow. A great change has taken place since those days. I now found myself, (September, 1848,) after having been in England for nearly three years, once more in a China boat sailing up the Shanghai river towards the city. The first object which met my view as I approached the town was a forest of masts, not of junks only, which had been so striking on former occasions, but of goodly foreign ships, chiefly from England and the United States of America. There were now twenty-six large vessels at anchor here, many of which had come loaded with the produce of our manufacturing districts, and were returning filled with silks and teas. But I was much more surprised with the appearance which the shore presented than with the shipping. I had heard that many English and American houses had been built—indeed, one or two were being built before I left China; but a new town, of very consider-

able size, now occupied the place of wretched Chinese hovels, cotton-fields, and tombs. The Chinese were moving gradually backwards into the country, with their families, effects, and all that appertained unto them; reminding one of the aborigines of the west, with this important difference, that the Chinese generally left of their free will and were liberally remunerated for their property by the foreigners. Their chief care was to remove, with their other effects, the bodies of their deceased friends, which are commonly interred on private property near their houses. Hence it was no uncommon thing to meet several coffins being borne by coolies or friends to the westward. In many instances, when the coffins were uncovered, they were found totally decayed, and it was impossible to remove them. When this was the case, a Chinese might be seen holding a book in his hand, which contained a list of the bones, and directing others in their search after these the last remnant of mortality.

It is most amusing to see the groups of Chinese merchants who come from some distance inland on a visit to Shanghai. They wander about along the river-side, with wonder depicted in their countenances. The square-rigged vessels which crowd the river, the houses of the foreigners, their horses and their dogs, are all objects of wonder, even more so than the foreigners themselves. Mr. Beale, who has one of the finest houses here, has frequent applications from respectable Chinese who are anxious to see the inside of an English dwelling. These applications are always complied with in the kindest manner, and the visitors depart highly delighted with the view.

The volume contains a good deal of information relative to the tea districts of China, and the cultivation and preparation of the plant. Mr. Fortune also made an official tour in the Himalayas, to inspect the tea-plantations of the company, as well as to locate the Chinamen, and to attend to the plants he had transmitted thither. He reports that the climate, soil, and site in many places, are well adapted to the growth of the plant, and the population fitted for the production of tea, after they have been instructed in the management; very low wages being an essential element, at least for competition with the Chinese commodity. The existing plantations flourish in exact proportion as nature and the practice of China are followed. Naturally the plant grows on elevated land, and the Chinese never irrigate; in the Himalayas, some of the tea-gardens were very like rice-grounds in point of level, and the plants kept in a damp state; the gardeners had applied the laws of rice cultivation, which they understood, to that of tea of which they were ignorant.

[We add a notice from the Examiner.]

WE have here a new volume by the author of that excellent book, *Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China*, Mr. Robert Fortune. In ability and interest it is not inferior to its predecessor. After the publication of the "Wanderings" the East India Directors sent its author back to China, on a mission to obtain the finest varieties of the tea-plant, and to procure the services of native manufacturers and implements, for the more efficient working of the government tea-plantations in the Himalayas; and the result of that mission has been three-fold. 1, the safe conveyance to the Himalayas of upwards of twenty-thousand tea-plants, eight first-rate manufacturers, and a large supply of implements from the finest tea districts of China; 2, a fresh peep, with new facilities of observation, into the natural and social

characteristics of the every-day life and aspect of the strangest people and country on the face of the earth; and, 3, the present volume, telling us what the author saw and did, in a quiet, intelligent, unaffected way.

Among the incidental discoveries on which Mr. Fortune had reason to congratulate was that of a new tree, the *Funereal Cypress*, more beautiful than the similar tree of Italy, and admirably suited to our climate. Another discovery, not less sad but much less ornamental, was of a Chinese Mrs. Caudle, Mrs. Amee; and of domestic characteristics very generally prevalent throughout the social circles of China, in the shape of rogueries and jealousies the reverse of agreeable. But Mr. Fortune is a cheerful traveller, a hopeful observer, and makes the best of all he sees. His account of the tea districts, and of the odd yet shrewd manners and usages he encountered there, is quite delightful. He is not put out of the way by the dirtiest bedrooms in the worst possible inns, (there is nothing else in China,) but consoles himself as he can with what he can get for dinner, with his tea and his pipe, and turns out in the best possible humor next day to find more plants, pick up more information, and see a large peasantry of tea-gatherers on all sides around him, apparently happy and contented, joking, laughing, and singing as gayly as the birds in the old trees about the temples scattered everywhere. And having mentioned the latter, let us add that Mr. Fortune, who appears to have a grounded belief in the possibility of throwing open China to the foreigner, (though the feat may involve another war,) even to the heart of the empire, speaks more highly than any previous traveller of the Christian missionaries now in the country, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, and of the prospects that await their perseverance and undaunted courage.

It will interest a hardly less numerous class to hear that Mr. Fortune is not less hopeful of the coming certainty of an increased cheapness and abundance in the matter of teas, in proof of which a great many interesting calculations are given. "We may still hope," he says, "to drink our favorite beverage, at least the middling and finer qualities of it, at a price much below that which we now pay." Our favorite beverage it may well be called, seeing that it showed only last year a consumption of nearly fifty-four millions of pounds, an increase of thirty per cent. over the consumption of ten years before! Yet it is something less than a hundred years ago since an essay was published, and obtained some popularity, in which the writer had not language to express the horror he felt at having observed that "he who should be able to drive three Frenchmen before him, or she who might be a breeder of such a race of men, are to be seen *sipping tea*. What a wild infatuation is this! What a dangerous practice!" A small map and illustrations accompany Mr. Fortune's volume.

PIOUS DOGS.—The race of turnspits is almost extinct, as their services have been superseded by machinery, but in some places this has not been of long date. These dogs knew the roasting day most distinctly. At the Jesuits' College at Flèche, the cook took one of these dogs out of its turn to put it into the wheel of the spit; but the animal, giving him a severe bite, ran away, and drove in from the yard the dog whose turn it really was. Arago describes something similar: he saw several dogs at an inn,

whose duty it was to turn the spit in regular rotation, one of which skulked away, and obstinately refused to work because its turn had not come round, but went willingly enough into the wheel after its comrade had turned for a few minutes. A dog, which was in the habit of accompanying his master from Paris to Charenton, where he spent the Sunday with a friend, having been locked up on two successive occasions, ran off alone to Charenton on the Saturday evening, and waited there for its master. A gentleman writing from Edinburgh, and speaking of the Scotch shepherd's dog, describes it as one of the most intelligent of the canine family, as a constant attendant on his master, and never leaving him except in the performance of his duty. In some districts of Scotland, these animals always accompany them to church; some of them are even more regular attendants than their masters, for, by an extraordinary computation of time, they never fail resorting thither, unless employed in attending their charge. To a stranger their appearance is somewhat remarkable in such a spot, and the propriety with which they conduct themselves during the service is remarkably singular. On one occasion, towards the close, one of the dogs showed an anxiety to get away, when his master, for this unmannerly conduct, unceremoniously gave him a kick, which caused him to howl, and break the peace of the assembly; and, to add to his distress, some of his fellow-dogs attacked him, which dogs are wont to do when they hear one of their species howl. The quarrel became so alarming that the precentor was forced to leave his seat, and use his authority in restoring peace, which was done by means of a few kicks. All the time of this disturbance the minister seemed very little discomfited, continuing his preaching without intermission, which showed that such occurrences were not rare. In one parish, great complaints were made against the disturbances occasioned during divine service by the quarrelling or otherwise unmannerly conduct of the dogs, when it was agreed that all those who had dogs should confine them, and not allow them to come to church. This did very well for the first Sunday or so; but the dogs, not at all relishing to be locked up on a day when they were wont to enjoy themselves, were never to be found on the Sunday mornings, to be tied up; they by some instinct knew the Sunday as well as their masters, and set off before them, whither they had been in the habit of going on that day. It was now evident to the members of the congregation that this plan would not do, and another scheme was laid before them, which was, to erect a house close to the church, in which they might be confined during divine service. This was adopted, and the kennel was accordingly built, in which the dogs were imprisoned; but the animals, being more accustomed to freedom than confinement, took this restraint upon their liberty in ill-part, and set up a most dreadful howling, to the great annoyance of the people in the church. They, however, persevered in confining them for a considerable time, thinking the animals would get accustomed to their incarceration; but in this they were mistaken, for, instead of the howling diminishing, it got worse and worse. So it was agreed that they should again be set at liberty, and have freedom of access to the place of public worship; but their manners had been so corrupted, that they were with difficulty brought even to their former discipline.—*Passions of Animals.*

THE DECEIT OF ZEAL.—There is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind, if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues.

From Household Words.

GREтна GREEN.

I LEAVE Carlisle early this fine morning, in no way matrimonially inclined. I set out to explore the recesses of Gretna Green with perfect confidence. This confidence is the result of two facts. The first, that I am a married man; the second, that bigamy is impossible, since I have no lady with me. Through dark boglands, and past prim fir-plantations, the train whisks me to the station, the name of which an unpoetical station-porter shouts into railway carriages, without a thought of the flutter into which it throws a young lady deeply veiled, who is sitting in the first-class compartment nearest the engine. I, a married man with a houseful of children, hear the word "Gretna" with no kind of emotion; but two fellow-passengers are ready to bless the only official who announces the arrival of the train at the charmed spot. Yet I do feel a kind of nervous interest in the place. I think of the scenes which have been acted here; of the fathers who have stamped furiously upon this classic ground; of the trembling girls who have hurried hence across the Border, and to the famous Hall, to dream of unclouded happiness shining every step of the way from that spot to their distant grave. I think of the cunning lovers who used to engage all the post-horses of Carlisle, so that their pursuers might not reach them before the marriage ceremony was over; of the impudent impositions of the Carlisle postboys; of the determined lover who shot the horses of his pursuer from the carriage window; and of other memorable matters with which Gretna is associated in the minds of most of us. If there be a touch of poetry in my present reflections, that touch is speedily effaced by the spirit of competition that arises before me. A couple, evidently bent upon matrimony, though they are making painful efforts to appear at their ease, and to regard the place with a placid indifference, are addressed eagerly by one or two men of common appearance. Are these individuals making offers for the conveyance of the couple's luggage? The station-man looks on at the warm conference, with a sardonic grin; and, with a quick twitch of the head, draws the attention of the guard to the interesting group. The train goes forward, and the conference breaks up. One of the men conducts the lady and gentleman to a little red brick hotel close by; and the others retire discontentedly. I inquire about this rivalry, and am informed that it is a clerical contest. And here I am made party to a curious local secret. This little red brick hotel is the property of Mr. Murray. Mr. Murray also inhabits the famous toll-bar which is on the Scotch bank of the little stream that marks the borders of the country. Thus this sagacious toll-keeper pounces upon the couples at the station; removes them to his "Gretna Hotel," and then drives them down a narrow lane, and over the bridge to the toll-bar, where he marries them. In this way it appears Murray has contrived to monopolize five sixths of the trade matrimonial. It should be observed, however, by persons about to marry, that there is a Gretna station, and a Gretna Green station; and that the latter is the point which deposits happy couples opposite Gretna Hall. However, as I am altogether ignorant of the superior convenience of the "Green" station, I may be pardoned the mistake, which makes a walk, in a dense shower of rain, through slippery

lanes, a necessity. I advance briskly, however; pass the famous toll-bar, near which a bluff Scotch ploughboy is yoking horses to a wagon, and presently approach the Green. It is a pretty place enough, but very quiet and very muddy just now. The Green is a triangular patch of ragged turf, in front of the village church. The church is rather dirty and neglected in its appearance than old; and from the roof hangs a stout cord, which is attached to the bell, and is now lazily rocking to and fro in the breeze. Children of various sizes, and in indescribable costumes, stare at me from various cottage-doors. It is evident that I am taken for a young man bent upon marriage. I turn to the left, and through a gateway to the Hall. It is evident that no marriage is going forward to-day. Desolate, and thoroughly soaked with rain, appears the large square house, flanked on one side by a farm-yard. I advance, under cover of some tall trees, to the front door. It is closed and barred. I give a perfectly metropolitan double knock. In a few minutes a man—rather a surly man, I think—begins leisurely to withdraw the bolts. Seeing me alone, he looks a little surprised—perhaps disappointed. I begin to feel that I ought to apologize for coming without a lady. I boldly ask whether I can breakfast at the Hall. The man does not oblige me with a direct answer; but, pointing to the right, growls that he will send somebody to me, and disappears.

I advance into a long low room. It is a curious mixture of a village tap-room, with the pretensions of an hotel. At one end a massive sideboard displays a quantity of valuable plate; over the mantelpiece is an engraving after Turner; but, to the left of this production, is one of those compositions which, about a century ago, were admired in all the country villages of England, Scotland, and Ireland. A woman with a crimson lake face is looking, with a blotched expression of affection, upon a child whose head seems to have dropped casually upon shoulders made for some other infant, and the colors of whose frock run into various surrounding objects. This production bears the following touching couplet:—

Come, father's hope, and mother's glory,
Now listen to a pretty story.

I am hardly convinced that I am in the celebrated Gretna Hall till I have read the directions to visitors, which are pasted upon the looking-glass. "Please not to write on the walls, windows, or shutters, &c." Having read this direction I am convinced that I have reached a place where many curious countrymen have been before me. I turn to the windows, and at once recognize the necessity for the request. Every pane is covered with names, sorry jests, and revelations of ages, professions, and other matters. W. Thorborne, of Manchester, has, I find, left his celebrated name, coupled with the inference that he possesses, or did possess, a diamond ring, upon one window, in company with S. Goodacre, of Liverpool. But G. Howell, also of Liverpool, has recorded his visit to the Hall in two or three different places, lest the interesting fact should be lost to posterity.

Upon one window I find this instructive sentence;—"John Anderson made a fool of himself in Gretna, 1831." It is information also that "Sally Norton, late Sally Western," has been here, and that the fame of the place has attracted hither "Jane Sturdy, of Stanway." A greasy book, in shape like a ledger, marked "Visitors' Book," lies

upon the window-sill. Many pages have been torn away; so that the only record it now contains dates back only to last October. The entries consist of a series of very melancholy jokes. The first remarkable name I notice is that of Maria Manning, to which name some obliging historian has subsequently added the words "hanged since." "Brick, from London," is the next entry, and he is followed by an "Early Closing Quadrill Party." It strikes me as a pity that before forming a "Quadrill" party, the party did not form a spelling class. I next find that a wit of the North has recorded his visit in these words: "David Rae, thief-catcher, Dumfries;" and that a lady has been carried away by the high spirits of the foregoing, to this extent: "Mrs. Grimalkin (to be Mrs. Gabriel Grub)."—Here I am interrupted by the entrance of a widow, who announces herself as the relict of the late parson of the Hall, Mr. Linton. She offers me a substantial breakfast, and while it is preparing, is not disinclined to answer any questions I may put on the subject of the matrimonial trade. Of course, thinking with the rest of my countrymen that Greytna Green marriages are of rare occurrence now-a-days, I begin by asking how long it is since the last marriage was celebrated at the Hall. The old lady very quietly turns to her maid, who is laying the breakfast cloth, and says—"Was it Tuesday or Monday last, that couple came?"

The maid, holding a substantial joint of cold meat in her hand, while she thinks on the subject, replies presently, "Monday."

I am surprised, and inform Mr. Linton's widow that it was my impression Greytna marriages were quite matters of the past. She assures me, in reply, that they have a good sprinkling still throughout the year; but not so many as twenty or thirty years ago, when her husband first began. She disappears for a few minutes. Ha! here she comes with some heavy substance carefully tied up in an old silk handkerchief. She deposits her load upon the table, (having previously brushed the place,) deliberately arranges her massive spectacles, and now carefully unties her treasure. Two gaudily bound books lie before me; I am about to open them eagerly, but the widow of Mr. Linton will not allow the volumes to suffer my desecrating touch. She gently repulses my hands, and carefully opens the thickest. The thin volume is an index to the thick one, which is a formal register of the marriages celebrated at the Hall. The entries, however, only reach back to 1826; yet the list includes many celebrated names. The widow proudly points to one or two German dukes, to Miss Penelope Smith and her princely betrothed, to the well-known name of Sheridan, to Lady Adela Villiers and her husband. Against all the notable couples, distinguishing marks are placed. Having shown me these signatures, the old lady carefully spreads out the silk handkerchief, upon which I find a rude map of England is printed, recovers her treasure, and holds it securely in her arms while she continues to talk to me. She tells me that, in times gone by, it was by no means unusual to give the Greytna Green parson as much as one hundred pounds; and that fifty pounds, even lately, was not at all an uncommon marriage-fee. The parson charges according to the ostensible means of the contracting parties. "Old Lang" was the regular village parson before the late Mr. Linton began. Mr. Linton confined his attention entirely to marrying runaway couples. She knows

CCCCXIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXIII. 36

nothing about the blacksmith, and does not believe such a man ever married couples. As far as she knows, these kind of marriages began to be celebrated at Greytna about one hundred years ago.

I express a wish to see the room in which the marriages at the Hall are celebrated. The widow of Mr. Linton directs me down a long passage, past two cases of stuffed owls, to a long room, fitted up with some care; and from the bow-windows of which there is a picturesque view of the village. It is a quaint room. Over the doorway stands a huge model of a ship. The pictures exhibit an odd taste. On one side is a painting, in which Cupid and Venus are represented; and opposite are two large pieces of canvases, covered with horsemen in the vigorous pursuit of the fox; upon which scenes the placid countenance of a Quaker is serenely gazing. The bow-window is marked with the initials of various captains—the captains, I remark, strangely predominate among the visitors. Opening by a door from this room, is the bridal chamber, fitted up luxuriously with yellow satin-damask hangings. Even here, the English habit of scrawling upon furniture is indulged. I open the looking-glass drawer, and even herein find these inscriptions:—"Thomas Parker to Mother Walmesley." "Joseph Lee to Betty Booth."

Strangely interested in the peculiarities of the Hall, I return to the breakfast-table. I find that sentiment has not preyed upon my appetite. I do perfect justice to the fine haddock and the exquisite marmalade provided by the widow of Mr. Linton. I am so interested in this village, that I think I will take a stroll, and return to dine at the Hall. I intimate this intention to the maid, and emerge upon the Green, determined to know something more of Greytna and its marriage-trade.

A dirty road, hedged by cottages, leads to the village, which is within the same parish as Greytna, and is called Springfield. This village is larger than its more famous neighbor; the houses are larger, there is more apparent life, and it boasts two or three inns. It appears to me highly probable that at one of these inns I shall hear much quaint gossip about Greytna marriages. I enter the most inviting. The kitchen at once forcibly reminds me of one of Wilkie's village sketches. Even the details of the scene suggest the pencil of the great Scotchman. The solid black chairs placed under the overhanging chimney; the huge black pot suspended by a powerful crane over the fire; the mud floor; the old clock in a rude case; the milk-pails in a row upon a shelf; the limited crockery of the establishment proudly arranged in a cupboard, the door of which is intentionally open. The figures, too, are Wilkie's. Before the window is a cutting-board, upon which sits—her pretty feet dangling in the air—the village dress-maker. As I advance towards the fire, I notice the figure of a young Scot (with his broad bonnet) turning over the leaves of a very greasy song-book—but chiefly occupied casting furtive glances at the young lady upon the cutting-board. These are obviously lovers, and I am obviously no welcome intruder. However, the landlord, a broad, squat man, with much to say about his ale, puts a cheerful face upon matters, and stands ready to furnish anything I may request in the shape of refreshment. I order a glass of whiskey, and hope the landlord will drink one with me. My invitation is accepted. I think I may now fairly open the question of Greytna—or rather Springfield—mar-

riages. I ask, by way of jest, whether mine host has ever married stray couples. The girl behind me titters, and the father fairly laughs at my simplicity. "Married any! Ay, a many of them, in this very room; and fine folks, too!"

Twirling a willow stick in his hand, and kicking his heels against the legs of a table upon which he is sitting, mine host gossips, as nearly as I can follow him, in this wise:—

"Ay! there have been a many marriages in this room. Lord Erskine was married where I am sitting—in woman's clothes; his lady held her children under her cloak the while. The people who come to be married now are mostly poor people—a great many of them being from Edinburgh. They can as easily be married anywhere in Scotland; somehow they come here; the place is known for it, I suppose. But here comes Lang; he will be able to tell you more than I can."

A spare old man, dressed, not as a simple villager but with a pretension to gentility and to a clerical simplicity, hobbles into the room, rubbing his left leg vigorously. He is suffering an acute attack of rheumatism; yet this does not prevent him from taking his seat at a little round table, and accepting the tumbler of whiskey which I offer him. He refuses, I notice, to spoil the spirit by the admixture of water; but continues, even when seated, to rub vigorously the calf of his leg. He apprehends at once that his experience as a parson is to be pumped from him; he gives himself up cheerfully to the operation. He seems to know that he is an object of curiosity to all visitors, and is, therefore, not particularly flattered by the interest I appear to take in him. Of course I ask him, as an opening question, whether there is any truth in the blacksmith legend. To my astonishment, I find that the blacksmith is utterly unknown in these parts. There stands the landlord expressing unfeigned surprise. He who had lived all his life here, has never heard of the blacksmith!

"Ay, to be sure!" continues Parson Lang—vigorously rubbing his leg the while—"Old Colthard, as far as I can tell, was the first regular Greytna Green parson. He flourished somewhere about one hundred and twenty years ago. He was either a regular blacksmith or a miller—I can't say which. His old house is pulled down, now; it used to stand on the ground where the school now stands, or close there." I show particular interest in the parson's narrative, which amuses the girl upon the cutting-board and her sly lover with his greasy song-book. I ask Lang whether he can trace the parsons—that is to say, the regular parsons—from Colthard down to himself.

Still vehemently rubbing his leg, Parson Lang continues: "To be sure I can. After Colthard—let me see—came Pasley and Elliot, who both flourished together; Pasley was my father's uncle. Then came my father, old Parson Lang, as they called him. He lived at the Hall, and married people in the busy days of Greytna Green. After him, I came;" which advent appears to the parson to constitute the climax of the curious history. "But," he goes on statistically, "weddings continued to increase up to the year 1833, when, I should say, they amounted to three hundred or thereabouts. After that they fell off. They now average about one hundred a-year."

I now make an unfortunate allusion when I inquire whether Parson Lang is in the habit of officiating at the Hall.

"No," the parson replies, rubbing his leg

with great vehemence, and indulging in a sarcastic smile; "no, no; I have nothing to do with the Hall; there they seem to think a shoemaker, who lives opposite, can marry as well as anybody else."

I see at once that this is a sore point with the parson. I change the topic by asking whether the villagers of Springfield and Greytna are married at the Hall, or by Parson Lang. This question highly amuses the lovers, who interchange significant glances. "Oh dear, no!" Parson Lang replies; "I have been married twice, but was always asked in church; so are all hereabouts. I hardly know how Greytna first came to be celebrated for marriages; but I have heard some story like—once a queen was returning to England from Scotland with an army. Well, the soldiers were followed by a number of women who were in love with them, to the border hereabouts; and then, when they were to part with them, they all set a-greeting, which means crying; and this, folks say, gave the village the name of Greytna or Greytna Green. However, the queen was so touched by the distress of the women, that she made the officers act on the spot as parsons, and marry the women at once to the soldiers; and then they all went to the south together." The parson now begins to philosophize a little about the facilities offered in Scotland to persons about to marry; and intersperses his theories with many illustrative anecdotes. But whenever I touch upon the subject of fees, he is discreetly silent. He seems to admit that they vary considerably; I suspect from a silver coin and a glass of whiskey, to a bank-note of considerable value. He remembers that, only two years ago, a waiter at the chief Carlisle hotel, got married, at short intervals, to three of his fellow-servants; that to this day, the fellow has been allowed to go unpunished, and that he has returned to his first love. Having gleaned these facts from Parson Lang, I begin to think about my dinner at the Hall. The parson condescends to shake hands with me, the eyes of the lovers sparkle as they see me rise to depart, and the landlord, as I pass into the road, bids me a hearty farewell.

The widow of Mr. Linton has prepared me a very snug dinner. While I am enjoying it, she brings me a copy of the forms filled up by the persons who are married at her establishment. While I proceed with my salmon, the reader may amuse himself with the document. Here is a literal copy of it:—

KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND.

COUNTY OF DUMFRIES,

PARISH OF GREYNA.

THESE are to Certify, to all to whom these Presents may come, That _____, from the parish of _____, in the county of _____, and _____, from the parish of _____, in the county of _____, being now here present, and having declared themselves single persons, were this day Married, agreeably to the Laws of Scotland, as witness our hands.

Greytna Hall, this _____ day of _____

Witnesses {

I find that excellent cigars are obtainable at the Hall. I attribute this to the fact that captains generally smoke. Provided with many suggestive facts, I take leave of the late parson's establish-

ment, not dissatisfied with the method with which his disconsolate widow carries on her business. Greta Hall—the ancestral seat of the Maxwells—is still licensed to sell marriage contracts; and, I can assure persons about to marry, will provide an excellent dinner for those prosaic visitors who do not pretend to live upon love altogether.

I hear the railway bell.

From the Examiner.

Narratives from Criminal Trials in Scotland. By JOHN HILL BURTON, Author of "The Life of David Hume," &c. Two vols. Chapman and Hall.

THERE is much that will be new to all readers in these very interesting volumes. The author does not make any parade of his research, but the well-informed reader will be prompt in recognition of it. Whether a criminal trial be in itself a thing to make good reading, is a question on which men are apt to differ. Some have a taste for the excitement of a tale of crime, others avoid it for its horror. They are wise who belong to neither of these classes, but with a wise discretion recognize in the reports of criminal trials matter for the historian and philosopher, and who read them gravely as a necessary shadow in the picture of society during the age to which they may refer.

It is in this last temper that Mr. Burton's narratives have been considered and written. While studying, among all accessible manuscripts and records, a certain period of Scottish history, it came into his mind to spend a part of his gains in the writing of the present volumes. They contain sketches founded upon ten or a dozen subjects. The proceedings against the Clan Gregor are the first in order, and they admirably illustrate that strange state of society connected with the old freebooting days of the McGregors, when for two centuries there was war of extermination against them by the government, and at last men took out licenses to kill McGregors, as they now take out licenses for game. From the next narrative, the trial of James Stewart, we extract a picturesque sketch of a Highland criminal avoiding justice:

We next find him seeking refuge in a place called Koilasonachan, spoken of by the witnesses accustomed to the neighboring solitudes of Glencoe and Rannoch as so wild and remote, that to find a man lurking there at once suggested that he must have been after evil deeds. A bowman, John Brec Maccoll, as he was passing this wilderness, heard a whistle from a height, and, looking up, saw Allan Brec there. After their salutations, the boatman told him (by his own account) that it could be no good action that took him to such a place. He said he had heard the rumor of the murder, and charged Allan with it. Allan asked eagerly what he had learned about the murder. He said, "He had seen no person from the strath of Appin, but, that two poor women, who had come up Glencoe, were telling that Glenure was murdered on Thursday evening in the wood of Letter-More; and that two people were seen going from the place where he was murdered; and that he, Allan Brec, was said to be one of them; that Allan Brec answered he had no concern in it; and that, if his information was right, there was but one person about the murder; and that as he (himself) was idle about the country, he was sure he would be suspected of it, but that that would give him little concern if he had not been a deserter, which would go harder upon him, in case he was apprehended, than anything that could be proved against him about the murder."

Allan, in want of necessary food, besought the bowman to go to Callart or Glencoe to procure some oatmeal for him. He intended immediately to flee to France, but lacked the pecuniary means. To facilitate his object, he desired the bowman to take a letter to Fort William. His method of providing writing materials in the wilderness showed considerable resources of ingenuity. "Allan Brec," said the witness, "looked about among the trees, and finding a woodpigeon's quill, made a pen of it; and having made ink of some powder he took out of a powder-horn that was in his pocket, he wrote a letter." The messenger was told, that if he were caught with that letter he must swallow it rather than let it be found. A girl from the nearest cottage, going after stray cattle, had caught a glimpse of Allan, and, returning home in fright, said she had seen the figure of a man in the wilds of Koilasonachan. She was told that there were bogies or ghosts there, and that she had better hold her peace as to what she had seen. Through circuitous messengers, who could not be got to confess the full amount of their charitable exertions, the money he required was conveyed to Allan, along with his French clothes; and the short Highland coat and bonnet were afterwards found left on the heath.

The subject of the succeeding narrative is the Darien Expedition and the trial of Captain Green. In the course of his search for historical materials, Mr. Burton plunged his hands into an old oak chest which stood in a cellar of the Advocate's library, and out of this chest he drew in dusty bundles a rich store of books and documents belonging to the famous Darien Company and its officers. A selection from the commercial documents thus found were edited by Mr. Burton for the Bannatyne Club, the others remain in manuscript, and have been largely used in the present volumes. The narrative of the Darien expedition, which forms a large part of the first of the volumes, being here written with the aid of these authentic and unpublished details, contains a large amount of information that now appears for the first time in print. For example, here is a curious letter from Paterson, to which we give a part of Mr. Burton's preface:

Each European war lingered and died gradually away in the conflicts of half-privateer, half-pirate vessels, among the keys of the American gulfs, and some European wars had their first commencement in like distant conflicts. The Darien colonists were, perhaps, no nicer than their neighbors; and it was difficult for them to point out their friends—easy enough to find their enemies. French and Spanish vessels they appear to have seized when they could; they considered themselves at war with these nations. But they appear also to have laid hands on an English colonial vessel—a daring act, to say the least of it. Paterson, in his private report, speaks of it as a matter deeply to be regretted, and explains how he himself had been involved in it. A boat's crew from a Jamaica vessel had been detained on shore, under the plea that a boy belonging to the colony was confined in the vessel. The boy made his appearance, either having been released or never having been kidnapped, but still the boat's crew were detained. Paterson then proceeds to relate what followed in a manner which leaves much to be inferred:

"Mr. Wilmot stayed till the afternoon; and before he went away I came to Mr. Mackay's hut, and Mr. Wilmot came also to take his leave. The rest of the councillors were then together, and upon my coming they call me in, and Mr. Mackay presents me a paper to sign, which contained a warrant to Captain Robert Drummond to take boats and go and bring in Captain Mathias his sloop. When I asked what reasons they had for it, Mr. Mackay answered, that they were informed that this sloop was a Spanish

sloop, and was fraught by three Spanish captains now on board her, and bound for Portubell, with I know not what, for a treasure of gold and silver bars; and added, I warrant you will not meddle, for your friend Mr. Wilmot is concerned. This usage did not please me. But, however, I told them if she was a Spanish sloop, I was as ready as they; but if belonging to any other nation, I would not be concerned. But, however, I signed the warrant to bring in the sloop. When she was brought, instead of a Spanish we found her a Jamaica sloop with two Spanish passengers, and, as I heard, about eighty or one hundred pounds' value in pieces of eight, Spanish pistols, and gold dust. When I found this I must needs say I was very angry, and endeavored to get the sloop and men discharged next day, as being an English bottom. To this effect I laid the law before Pinnicook, and afterwards to Mr. Mackay, who, by this time, had brought the men and money out of the sloop. Upon this I said I would write home on this matter, and then left them. Upon this occasion, God knows, my concern was not upon my own account, or any humor of my own, but the true love of justice and good of the colony; in which concern and spirit I heartily wished that they might not have cause to repent of their inhuman usage of those before any other friendly strangers came to visit them—or to this effect. When I was gone, there was a council called, consisting of Pennicook, Mackay, Montgomery, and Jolly, where, as the secretary told me afterwards, they confirmed the taking of the two Spaniards and the money from on board the Jamaica sloop."

It is singular that through all the fierce controversy of the day, the admission of a charge making apparently a close approach to piracy, should lie among the private papers of the company unnoticed until the middle of the nineteenth century.

The Burning of Fren draught, Trials for Witchcraft, Trials for Poisoning, Spectral and Dream Testimony, Proceedings against the Roman Catholics, against the Covenanters, and against the Episcopalians, are the other subjects illustrated in Mr. Burton's volumes. The three last we have read with the deepest interest, but all the subjects are discussed with great ability, and they abound in curious and original matter. We can afford space only for one extract more, which illustrates emphatically one odd way that our forefathers had of getting at the truth:

Aleson Balfour's execution, in 1594, would have passed unnoticed in the crowd, but that her confessions were adduced in evidence against the master of Orkney, for attempting to kill his brother by witchcraft and poison. She made her confession after forty-eight hours of the "vehement torture of the caschielaws." This instrument is supposed to have been an iron boot, heated gradually by a movable chafer; but we shall see that a prisoner was sometimes kept for several days under the operation, and we may presume that it was rather an instrument of constraint than of active infliction. Aleson's age was not mentioned, but she may be supposed to have passed the most robust period of life, since her husband, by profession a tailor, was eighty-one years old. The treatment of his family was a terrible refinement of cruelty. Her old husband, "together with her eldest son and her daughter, were all kept at once and at the same instant in ward beside her, and put to torture at the same instant time; the father being in the long irons of fifty stone weight; the son galled in the boots with fifty-seven strokes; and the daughter, being seven years old, put in the pilniwinkies—to this effect, that her said husband and bairns being so tormented beside her, might move her to make any confession for their relief." So say the pleadings recorded in the trial of the master of Sinclair. We are then told as

to the confession made by another accomplice, Thomas Palpa, thus: "The same was in like manner extorted of him, he being kept in the caschielaws eleven days and eleven nights; twice in the day by the space of fourteen days galled in the boots—he being naked in the mean time and scourged with tows (or ropes) in such sort that they left neither flesh nor hide on him—in the extremity of which torture the said pretended confession was drawn out of him."

Mr. Burton's book, being necessarily spiced with many narratives of crime and violence, is of a kind that is best suited for the digestion of a healthy mind; and the more dyspeptic will feel for it craving or the reverse, as the case may be. But the volumes are not written in the spirit of a man who would be cook to a disordered appetite. They are the work of a student in philosophy and history, and offer to their readers material for large and wide reflection in those departments of thought.

THE SHORTENING OF VOYAGES BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW WORLDS.—Much attention has been paid in America towards impinging upon time and space, as respects the communication between the Old and the New Worlds; and especially as to shortening the time of passage between New York and London. The most received project is founded on the fact, that railroads are three times as expeditious as steamers; consequently, instead of embarking at New York, it is proposed that passengers should proceed by land as far eastward as a railroad can be carried—that is, to the utmost verge of Nova Scotia—and there embark. They then should make the best of their way to Galway Bay, and take the railway for Dublin. Now, after what has been achieved in international communication of late, we may reasonably hope for farther improvements. A voyage to the East Indies and back in former times occupied a couple of years or more; ordinary merchantmen can now manage the same in nine months. In 1750, a time when the trade-winds were pretty well understood, three fine Indiamen—the "Hechester," "Anson," and "Shaftesbury," sailed from the Downs on the 5th of April, and arrived at Bombay in September; in 1850 the same voyage is averaged to occupy seventy-five days, and news is carried by the overland mail in less than a month. This is owing to a proper application of science and experience; and I cannot but augur that Lieut. Maury's inquiries, as shown in the charts I mentioned, will still further abridge our longest oceanic voyages.—*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxi., p. 90.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ALLEGORY BY ARNAUD, ON HIS EXILE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

De ta tige detachée,
Pauvre feuille desséchée.

"Poor withered leaf, torn from thy spray,
Ah, whither art thou going?"
I know not—fleeting but away,
As fitful winds are blowing.
For since the fatal storm that broke
My only stay, my native oak,
The sport of air am I.
Now through the vale, beside the fountain,
Wafted by zephyr's sigh;
Now, rudely whirled along the mountain,
With northern blast I fly.
Passive and mute wherever driven,
I go where all that liveth goes;
The laurel to the victor given,
And the frail leaflet of the rose.

From the Spectator.

THE ECLIPSE OF FAITH.*

GREAT literary ability is the first characteristic of this philosophico-religious novel. The style is excellent—easy, animated, elegant, very scholarly, yet very English. The tone is that of a man of the world and society, without permitting mere worldly ideas or opinions to predominate in questions which must be decided by logic, criticism, and lettered lore. The writer has looked with an observing eye on the various states of opinion in England connected with religion, and can depict the weak points of belief and practice in all the sects with quiet yet humorous effect. He can conceive characters, and consistently exhibit them in discourse. He is deficient in the construction of a story and the invention of incidents; or it may be that his didactic object has induced him to sacrifice the effect of the fiction to the end of the writer.

This didactic object is, first, to exhibit the "eclipse of faith" which has come over so many intelligent and thoughtful contemporary minds, from the downright Deism of the age of Bolingbroke to the more refined "spiritualism" of the present day, as presented in the writings of Francis Newman and Theodore Parker; second, to confute by arguments and illustrations this avowed or covert scepticism. Incidental pictures of Christian sects are mingled with the main discussion, but only incidentally.

The plan is well enough contrived for the controversial objects of the writer, but is somewhat disappointing to the reader who expects the interest of a fiction to be combined with a picture of the struggles of an unwilling sceptic, or with a critical exposition of the present state of the sceptical world. Perhaps a very religious mind might further object that there is a want of spiritual earnestness in the author himself; that in the discussions which he holds with his nephew Harrington, and Harrington's friend Fellowes, there is too much of good-natured tolerance for their eclipsed state, and certainly for the state of some of their acquaintances.

Considered with respect to the use made of it, the framework is operose. The "editor" of the book is the uncle of Harrington, an orphan, who has been left to his charge by his dying mother. Harrington has been carefully and religiously brought up, and has attained university distinction; but, travelling in Germany, he has become infected by the Rationalism of that country. On his return home, his uncle goes to visit him, with the view, if possible, to withdraw him from his sceptical state; and with this visit the interest of the book as a story nearly ceases. Passing incidents with touches of tenderness, or episodes with humor or satire, occur; but the greater part consists of reports of discussions that take place between Harrington, his friend Fellowes, who is on a visit to him, and sundry acquaintances who dine and dispute. So far as regards exposition of the difficulties and contradictions of modern Rationalism, all is neatly and well done. The arguments in support of Christianity are often cumbersome, dry, and not altogether conclusive, perhaps not altogether free from one-sidedness or strain. Francis Newman's doctrine of the difference between faith as *spiritual* and belief as *intellectual*, may be pushed too far, or perverted—as what

truth may not be!—but of the fundamental accuracy of the position there can be no question. An undoubted faith and a large-hearted human sympathy are main ingredients in the favorite leading characters of Scripture, in spite of their errors, weaknesses, and even sins. An abstract or barren belief, with an external respectability, are elements of almost reprobation. Balaam is one of the examples of belief, David of faith. Indeed, it is his faith and his humanity that constitute the eminence of David's character, for his conduct in many cases was quite indefensible. Peter is another instance.

The introduction is in the shape of a letter to the writer's brother, a South Sea missionary; it gives a view of the present state of religion in England, as well as brings up the story by retrospect. The following account of the real danger to religion follows a sketch of Tractarianism.

No, it is not from this quarter that England must look for the chief dangers which menace religion, except, indeed, as these dangers are the inevitable, the uniform result of every attempt to revive the obsolete past. The principal peril is from a subtle unbelief, which in various forms is sapping the religion of our people, and which, if not checked, will by and by give the Romish bishops a better title to be called bishops "in partibus infidelium" than has always been the case. The attempt to make men believe too much naturally provokes them to believe too little; and such has been and will be the recoil from the movement towards Rome. It is only one, however, of the causes of that widely-diffused infidelity which is, perhaps, the most remarkable phenomenon of our day. Other and more potent causes are to be sought in the philosophic tendencies of the age, and especially a sympathy, in very many minds, with the worst features of continental speculation. "Infidelity!" you will say. "Do you mean such infidelity as that of Collins and Bolingbroke, Chubb and Tindal?" Why, we have plenty of those sorts too, and worse; but the most charming infidelity of the day, a bastard Deism in fact, often assumes a different form—a form, you will be surprised to hear it, which embodies (as many say) the essence of genuine Christianity! Yes; be it known to you, that when you have ceased to believe all that is specially characteristic of the New Testament—its history, its miracles, its peculiar doctrines—you may still be a genuine Christian. Christianity is sublimed into an exquisite thing called modern "spiritualism." The amount and quality of the infidel "faith" are, indeed, pleasingly diversified when you come to examine individual professors thereof, but it is always based upon the principle that man is a sufficient light to himself; that his oracle is within—so clear as either to supersede the necessity, some say even the possibility, of all external revelation in any ordinary sense of that term; or, when such revelation is in some sense allowed, to constitute man the absolute arbiter of how much or how little of it is worthy to be received.

A discussion on the authenticity of the New Testament, and some kindred matters, induces a dream, in which the author supposes that all the Bibles and all the passages quoted from the Bible in any other work are miraculously rendered blank. The effect of this upon the minds and conduct of men is cleverly imagined and told, with some individual cases of women. This example of an old lady's trouble will convey an idea of the writer's lighter manner.

No sooner had I taken my leave than I was informed that an old lady of my acquaintance had summoned me in haste. She said she was much impressed by

* The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic. Published by Longman and Co.

this extraordinary calamity. As, to my certain knowledge, she had never troubled the contents of the book, I was surprised that she had so taken to heart the loss of that which had, practically, been lost to her all her days. "Sir," said she, the moment I entered, "the Bible, the Bible!" "Yes, madam," said I, "this is a very grievous and terrible visitation. I hope we may learn the lesson which it is calculated to teach us." "I am sure," answered she, "I am not likely to forget it for a while, for it has been a most grievous loss to me." I told her "I was very glad." "Glad!" she rejoined. "Yes," I said; "I am glad to find that you think it is so great a loss, for that loss may then be a gain indeed. There is, thanks be to God, enough left in our memories to carry us to heaven." "Ah! but," said she, "the hundred pounds and the villany of my maid-servant! Have you not heard?" This gave me some glimpse as to the secret of her sorrow. She told me that she had deposited several bank-notes in the leaves of her family Bible, thinking that, to be sure, nobody was likely to look *there* for them. "No sooner," said she, "were the Bibles made useless by this strange event, than my servant peeped into every copy in the house, and she now denies that she found anything in my old family Bible, except two or three blank-leaves of thin paper, which she says she destroyed; that if any characters were ever on them they must have been erased when those of the Bible were obliterated. But I am sure she lies; for who would believe that Heaven took the trouble to blot out my precious bank-notes? They were not God's Word, I trow." It was clear that she considered the "promise to pay" better by far than any "promises" which the book contained. "I should not have cared so much about the Bible," she whined, hypocritically, "because, as you truly observe, our memories may retain enough to carry us to heaven"—a little, in that case, would certainly go a great way, I thought to myself—"and if not, there are those who can supply the loss. But who is to get my bank-notes back again? Other people have *only* lost their Bibles." It was, indeed, a case beyond my power of consolation.

From the Examiner.

The Eclipse of Faith, or a Visit to a Religious Sceptic, is a book which will probably obtain very considerable notice and attention. Certainly it ought to do so. It is by far the most successful attempt that has been made to meet upon their own ground the recent assailants of revealed religion. It is not written by a Puseyite or a Roman Catholic, by a particularly high churchman, or a particularly low churchman, or by a churchman with a predominant dogma or doctrine of any kind in which he believes the whole virtue of Christianity exclusively to abide. But it is written by a sincere believer in his Bible, by a Christian in the best sense of the term, by a man of wit and spirit who can wield all the weapons that unbelievers use with most effect, by a man whose reading is not more extensive than his views are large and tolerant, and by one who, knowing the paramount value of temper in controversy, abstains from all violence and unfairness in his modes of attack. This is high praise, but we honestly feel that it is deserved. There is a groundwork of fiction in the book; but, as is remarked in a brief advertisement to it, he who reads it only superficially will at once see that it is not all fiction, and he who reads it more than superficially will as easily see that it is not all fact. The writer is the uncle of the sceptic, whom he visits; at whose house he meets unbelievers and believers of every sort and kind; where sharp dialogues are held, papers are read, dreams are dreamt, and anecdotes and illustrations, drawn from read-

ing and experience, are thrown lavishly into the general heap of argument, remonstrance, and wit; where doubts ably urged are yet better overthrown, where skilful arguments are more skilfully answered, and where misgivings proceeding from a true and sincere heart are met by the most earnest and persuasive eloquence. The great strength of the writer is in his ready use and application of the arguments most strongly relied upon by his opponents. He turns the tables fairly, we think, on such professed book-revelations of religious truth as have lately so confidently assured us that all book-revelations of religion are superfluous or impossible. He shows, by excellent and most permissible argument, that he who believes the Bible has at least not half the differences to reconcile which must fall to his lot who believes its opponents. And, above all, he places the higher mysteries of faith on their true ground of submission, acceptance, and acquiescence; leaving them as the good Deфоe left them, when the untutored Friday asked his master, after a full flow of theological instruction, why "God not kill de debbil." We very strongly commend this volume to the deliberate attention and study of young readers. We are convinced that it must have a wide and salutary effect, if it obtains the circulation to which it is well entitled.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. DALL' UNGARO.

Qual fior fra i gigli della tua ghirlanda,
Qual fior potrei depor?

No flow'ret with the lilies vying,
That deck thy chaplet, can I bring;
My life an arid waste is lying
Where bud or blossom cannot spring.

Or, if it sprang, the tears of sorrow
Have fed its growth like vernal shower;
But thy young brow must never borrow
In thy glad days, a tear-washed flower.

Yet, when thine hour of grief comes o'er thee,
(And who is there it comes not nigh?)
Young mourner! call me to deplore thee!
Oh! call me to thee with a sigh.

Then I, in sorrow skilled, will sing thee
A strain that shall console thy care;
And one dark flower, a violet, bring thee,
And twine it in thy garland there.

SILESIA.—One night there appeared to a wealthy widow a messenger from St. Peter's, surrounded by a supernatural glory, and holding in his hand a draft for 100 thalers, payable to bearer, drawn on her by her lately deceased husband, to meet the fees and other expenses attendant on his entry into heaven. The affectionate widow, anxious to do all honor to her husband's signature, and to facilitate his entrance into paradise, hastened to look up the money, but as she unfortunately had only 70 thalers by her, was compelled to request his angelship would call again to-morrow for the balance. The clergyman of the place, on being consulted the next day, prevailed on the widow to allow him and the magistrate to witness the payment, so that, when the heavenly messenger appeared again according to appointment, he was roughly seized by profane hands and incarcerated; but the strangest part of all is, that next morning his prison was found empty, and his mode of escape remains a secret.

From the Examiner, 1st May.

HOW TO SETTLE GOVERNMENTS AND DYNASTIES.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more foolish, more unwarrantable, more likely to produce the very contrary of the effects intended, than the recent notes of the cabinets of Vienna and St. Petersburg on the subject of the French monarchy. Here are the two great powers of the East of Europe actually undertaking to dispose of the French crown; discussing the merits of the candidates, to whom they, and not the French nation, may in their supreme pleasure award it; and proceeding dictatorially, in their eastern council-chambers, to lay down for the West of Europe particular rules and laws settling and limiting sovereignties; expounding that such a prince, on such a contingency, may enjoy hereditary rights, whilst another prince shall have a lease for life, however hateful he may be, or shall not transmit his regal honors, however preferred by the nation he is placed over; because so it will be most satisfactory to his high mightiness the Czar of Russia, and his supreme ignorance the boy Emperor of Vienna!

We could not but suspect the authenticity of these extraordinary documents, though ushered into the world from sources and with sanctions it was difficult to question. But our cause of doubt lay less in the insanity and violence, than in the utter foolishness, of the proceeding. That Prince Schwarzenberg should have taken upon himself to propose that the present military government of France should be recognized as imperial and permanent, that the mere act of stifling French liberty should in the judgment of that impetuous statesman be thought worthy the reward of an hereditary grant of an imperial crown, we cannot say greatly surprised us. But that, instead of replying as sense and justice would dictate, instead of urging the expediency of leaving the French judges of their own affairs—the Emperor of Russia should conceive himself entitled to lay down the law for the government and the succession of the French monarchy; that he should declare M. Bonaparte entitled to a life interest; that he should pronounce the elder Bourbons still possessed, and not to be deprived, of their old hereditary claim—there is in all this such a jumble of arrogance, impotency, presumption, pedantry, and folly, as almost to defy belief.

It is marvellous to observe the Solon of St. Petersburg mingling the most democratic with the most autocratic principles. The Russian note admits the power of universal suffrage to confer sovereignty, even with the name of Emperor; but it denies that any unanimity of popular suffrage can confer hereditary right. The Bourbons alone have that, derived from the old feudal law and constitution. No other can have it. Therefore, although the Bonapartes may, by keeping up the fiction of the republic, and drilling the people through the influence of priests, soldiers, and prefects, rely securely on a continued renewal of absolute power, they are not in any case to take this absolute power as an hereditary principle, or attempt to repose upon it. At the same time they are to be supported against any attack upon their life interest. Now in this a large portion of the red republicans fully agree with the cabinet of Russia. They, too, wanted nothing so much as a dictator secured in power to do all their work, in crushing the middle and humbling the educated classes. But the work done, they desire nothing with greater earnestness than the absorption of the

dictator and his power, followed by a scramble for their own supremacy. For it is M. Bonaparte who is now most successfully making socialism practicable, as the *Charivari* explained the other day in a humorous caricature, for which of course it has received the "warning" which by the new press-law is *avant-courrier* to suppression.

We need not say that Paris and St. Petersburg are precisely the two places where the hereditary right of succession to the throne has been most signally disregarded and frequently subjected to the more powerful law of violence and successful cunning. To discuss the principles of monarchical succession with either a Frenchman or a Russian we should regard as so many words thrown away. It is not learning or argument that may settle such questions in such countries, and it is therefore not wise nor prudent to resort to either. When rulers of countries have in their wisdom forbidden a people to argue or think aloud on political subjects, they ought in fairness to follow their own rule, and, having established the regime of force and of silence, ought themselves to respect and to practise it.

There is one person who may gain considerably, though undeservedly, by the stirring of the argument. This is M. Bonaparte himself. One finds it difficult to say to whom he should feel most grateful, to the late Prince Schwarzenberg for formally proposing the recognition of him and his dynasty, or to the Czar Nicholas for assuming the question to be one which he and his friends have exclusive right to settle. The French we believe to be profoundly indifferent to all questions of dynasty; and one of the securities of him, whosoever he be, that may happen to have possession of power, is that no one thinks it worth going the length of civil war to bring about a change, for or against any other particular prince. But let it be known throughout the breadth of France that the Emperor Nicholas of Russia denies the right of the French nation to settle its own affairs, and M. Bonaparte, by virtue of such hostility, might become not merely a tolerated emperor, but a popular one.

How far the policy of Prince Schwarzenberg may be modified or abandoned by his successor we have heretofore discussed. We do not the less think it cannot be maintained, because Count Buol has made a very significant speech, in which he declares that Austrian politics will undergo no modification. But it was certainly a startling disclosure to make to the world, that the government of Austria had voluntarily come forward as the champion of the imperial claims of M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and that the demands of his champion were met with coldness, if not hostility, by Russia and by Prussia. What could have been Prince Schwarzenberg's incentive to so bold and so incautious a step? May it have been part of a plan, concerted between two of the most hot-headed and restless spirits in Europe? A close alliance between Austria and France has generally proved the forerunner of aggressive acts. Both are enemies of the liberties and independence of Germany. Both detest Russia. Both would gladly acquire territories and influence at her expense. When M. Persigny asked Prussia to give his master a slice of the Palatinate, the Prussian government replied that it could not dispose of the territories of its neighbors and its countrymen. Did Prince Schwarzenberg make more recently a less firm and more conciliatory reply to a similar demand?

We regard it as extremely probable that the death of Prince Schwarzenberg has interrupted the

development of a policy which might have once more divided Europe into two camps; and that the 10th of May will now pass over without any attempted approach to imperialism in France.

From the Spectator, 17th April.

WAIT.

As we feel in "standing up" during an obstinate rain, watching delusive gleams of light with an anxiety that only tantalizes itself, until the very confession of weariness becomes a part of the tedium, so now the universal dullness of the political world is aggravated by the complaint it provokes. It has so long been "flat, stale, and unprofitable," that the very phrase, thoroughly worn out, has become its own description. The worst of it is, that the infliction is not mere want of interest in observing; we feel the fatigue practically, in the inability to do many things which it is necessary to do. Independently of great questions that have been solved, like Protection and Free-trade, but which still hang on hand with a kind of posthumous existence because certain of our millions have not yet quite come up to the solution, and cannot yet make up their minds to say good-bye to old favorites—independently of other great questions that too manifestly involve a conflict of party or of interests, like Reform in Parliament or the imposition of taxes—there are things to be done which yet we cannot get done, simply because men have not the energy or the will of conscience to buckle to. Every section of a party is proposing its own plan of operations, but flinches from enforcing that plan. We have movements, agitations, meetings, petitions, out of doors, multiplied and repeated until we are sick of the very names of the subjects; and then we have it all reflected by Parliament, in debates, resolutions, bills, and amendments, until we are assailed with an antistrophe of nausea; and yet "nothing is done." Then we set to in good earnest, announcing to ourselves how, although "something must be done," yet "nothing is done;" which we trace analytically to "the disruption of parties," popular indifference, conflict of opinion, dead-lock, superannuation of statesmen, "want of a man," and so forth, until at last we are fairly tired out with talking of our tiredness.

At such a time we might hail the interruption of a holiday. When men are spoiled for work, our instinct tells us that the best thing to do is to leave off—to go and play, to forget business, to take a journey into the country, to go to sleep. But we have tried that, without success. Vacation after vacation, recess after recess, and we are where we were. After the night's rest, again down to that same table, covered with the same red-taped packets of the same time-dishonored bills, the same blue books, the same addresses to the public, the same committee-lists, the same correspondence from the same people, the same "refreshers." And the unrefreshed eyes set doggedly to work, with no hope of getting on. The holiday does no good; Easter is in vain.

As we have so strong a sense of this paralyzed condition, and so strong a desire to get out of it, the reason why we cannot must be outside of ourselves—outside of that routine in which we are vainly toiling with those old packets of red-taped papers. We must look for the causes beyond the pale of that which we are pleased to call practical politics. Perhaps the causes have not been

readily discerned precisely because they are near and vast. They may be found in certain gigantic ideas which are coming over us, but have not yet so far developed their vast proportions to our sight that we can comprehend them. Gigantic ideas, gigantic facts, gigantic agents, are amongst us; but we cannot compass them, any more than the insect can compass an idea, impromptu, of the human being whose shadow arrests it in its sunny path.

Canning said that the next war in Europe would be a war of ideas; the war is proclaimed; but the half-conscious nations cannot yet give definite expression to the ideas that moved them. Reaction is growing throughout Europe, and ruling the continent of old civilization with the heavy dragoon-sword—not old feudalism, not ancient military glory, not noble birth, but a huge official cliquery, with standing army for its chivalry—hard, calculating, mechanical, inexorable; but we have not yet a formula to bring the idea of it as a whole to our minds, in order to definite conclusions and practical action. The newest born of the hydra-eagle—quasi-imperial France—is still struggling in its hideous parturition.

The counter idea exists, but too vaguely even to be named. The "peace-arbitration" system, the "solidarity of the peoples," the "Anglo-American alliance," the "European republic," the "ocean postage," are phrases which mark the impatience of more ardent minds to embody the idea in a name; but it still stands too little unfolded to be known. It is a something, connected with the fact that the body of each nation is becoming capable of forming opinions as to alliances and combinations, as well as the official persons who have hitherto monopolized that function. America is unquestionably the nursery of this great embryo idea; but what it is to be when quite unfolded, who amongst us can tell? We must wait. We only know enough of it to know that it is useless to lay down laws that cannot outlast the practical intervention of that coming idea.

Protection and free-trade have settled their difference, and virtually the ideas are accomplished; but behind them, just rearing its crest above the level of the waters of uncertainty is the more huge labor question. The "Amalgamated" are beaten, and got rid of; but not the question which they moved under, in a half-blind unconsciousness.

And, as if to rebuke premature conclusions with the most palpable reproof, Providence is flooding the world with gold, newly discovered in every quarter, to supersede the old controversies and squabbles, the "currency" hallucinations and childish dreams of prices, with facts stranger than dreams. Who knows but what the time is coming when you may have change for a shilling in twenty sovereigns, and the wandering potboy, who awakens the dim byways of town and suburb with his melody, may bear a foaming cargo of unadulterated beer in golden vessels!—But no, that can never be! pale silver can never, even for rarity, outvalue rich ruddy gold. How useless, then, to make our calculations before we have our facts!

There is no time-serving in the compulsion to await the unfolding of events; if we want light for our work, we must await the dawn; and if the night seems long to our weak, feverish impatience, let us go back to the faith that is at the bottom of every heart, and repose in trustful hope; for the dawn will be vouchsafed.

From the Examiner, 17th April.

THE FUTURE OF AUSTRIA.

IN common life, when a man boasts of his courage, or a woman of her virtue, we know what to think. Should we happen to be in exceedingly charitable mood, perhaps we give them credit for wishing to strengthen what they feel to be their weak points. Applying the same rule to the affairs of nations, we should be led to surmise that some important changes in the policy of Austria are about to flow from the death of Prince Schwarzenberg. Not a day passes in which the Austrian papers do not contain vehement assurances that not the slightest deviation from the political system of the late minister-president will be made. Nay, they declare that "the present system is not dependent for its continuance on this or that person, but on the will of the monarch who has called it into existence." These assurances prove too much. They are answers to the general impression that some change *must* occur. This impression now prevails in the public mind of Vienna—for the public still feels, though it has no longer a voice to express its feelings—and we think it to be thoroughly well founded.

The removal of a strong will, urged on to action by a Quixotic contempt of danger, and unrestrained even by a fair share of knowledge or prudence, cannot but be felt in the policy of any country; and yet more so in that of one which, like Austria, is still a smouldering volcano, waiting but the moment to break forth anew. Prince Schwarzenberg knew well the dangerous ground on which he stood. Go back he would not, stand still he could not; so on he rushed, every step bringing him nearer to a catastrophe from which, in the direction he was pursuing, there was no escape. It is to be borne in mind that, after more than three years of rule, Prince Schwarzenberg has left the Austrian empire still in a state of siege, and dependent for its existence from day to day on an army which it cannot afford to pay.

To hide the weakness within, Schwarzenberg exhibited on all possible occasions a restless desire to meddle abroad, and yet, in every instance, except when supported and used by Russia, with signal discomfiture. He has inflicted a deep wound on the pride of Prussia, which that country takes every opportunity of repaying, at the cost of her imperial neighbor. In England he has excited so strong a feeling of indignation, that, no matter what minister rules, we defy him to obtain the consent of the country to any cordial alliance with Austria so long as she maintains her present policy in Hungary and Italy. It was but the other day we noticed the threats of Austria against Turkey; those threats are again renewed. From day to day we find exaggerated accounts published in the Austrian papers of losses sustained by Austrian subjects in Bosnia, for which compensation is clamorously called for. Daily reports are given of the sufferings of the Christian insurgents, and of the cruelty of the Turks, though Omer Pascha is no Haynau, and not a rebel has been executed as yet; while the necessity of Austrian interference is repeatedly and strongly advocated. Not content with an army beyond her means of support, Austria must have a fleet too; and all the arsenals are at this moment busy in building and preparing vessels, which it is said are intended to make a demonstration along the shores of Turkey.

So much of all this has been dependent on the personal character of Prince Schwarzenberg, that a change *must* take place. Perhaps it will not be immediate. His successor, be he who he may, will probably endeavor to follow in his footsteps, and, like most copyists, may at first caricature his errors; but we do not believe that any one can long continue in such a course, for we do not believe that Schwarzenberg has left existing in Austria another man so utterly heedless of the gravest dangers, so rash and at the same time so ignorant, with such exaggerated notions of the privileges of the crown, or with such thorough contempt for the rights of every other class and community in the empire.

Schwarzenberg was ably seconded in his policy by Bach, to whose direction the affairs of the interior were entirely left; but it was solely to the firm and iron will of Schwarzenberg that Bach was indebted for that support which enabled him to maintain his place against a host of enemies. Bach is hated by the aristocratic party as a parvenu; he is hated by the conservatives as a revolutionist and centralizer; he is hated by the liberals as a traitor to their cause, and an enemy to constitutional liberty; but, above all, his *Excellence Baron von Bach* is hated by the present arbiters of the fate of Austria, the army and its chiefs. In exact proportion to the favors received by him has been the hatred which has followed him. As an old general observed when Bach was ennobled and decorated with the grand cross of the order of Leopold, "That's what a man gets by fighting *behind* the barricades; I got nothing by fighting *in front* of them." Now, it was the dominant and irresistible will of Schwarzenberg which supported his clever colleague against this all-powerful opposition. How long he will maintain himself alone, a few months will show.

Baron Kübeck, the former colleague of Metternich, has been confidently named as the future president of the ministry, while it is thought that to Count Buol Schauenstein, the ambassador here in London, who has already been summoned to Vienna, will be entrusted the portfolio of foreign affairs. Of the latter little is known, and that little would be better were it less. But to Baron Kübeck traditions of a wiser and more moderate policy than that lately pursued must still cling; and we can scarcely believe that he will bring himself to sanction a military despotism which sets aside all historical rights, all legal protection, all individual liberty.

Providence seems once more to have given Austria a chance of redemption. We dare not prophesy, but we will pray that it may not be neglected till another "too late" is added to the history of modern Europe.

From the Examiner, 1st May.

THE AUSTRIAN OFFICERS AND THEIR ENGLISH VICTIM.

WE have waited with considerable anxiety for that "*satisfactory*" settlement of the difference with Tuscany which Mr. Disraeli promised us the first time the subject was brought forward in the House of Commons. It has again been introduced by Lord Dudley Stuart, but still we are no wiser as to what steps have been taken. We know only that Sir Henry Bulwer has had his audience of leave, and is now on his way to Florence.

Our readers will not have forgotten that Mr.

Mather, a British subject, accidentally pushed, or rather fell against an Austrian officer in the streets of Florence, and that he was in consequence attacked by two officers, cut down, and most severely wounded. The general commanding the imperial troops in Tuscany, when applied to for satisfaction for this assault, is said to have replied that "Mr. Mather was very fortunate he had not been killed." As yet, not even an apology has been offered for an injury so brutal. The *Civis Romanus sum*, once held as a sufficient defence to the humblest of those who had the right to employ it, has a marvellously small effect just at present.

We do not revert to this subject for the sake of embittering the new fledged amity between our ministry (not our people) and Austria, but because we think the question involves very serious subjects for consideration which have not as yet, in any comment we have seen upon them, been placed in their true light.

The fact is that Mr. Mather is very fortunate to have escaped with life; for it is a rule, in the Austrian army, that if any officer, whether on duty or not, is struck by a man, armed or unarmed, it is his duty to kill him on the spot. If he fails to do so, he is disgraced and forced to quit the service. No duel, no apology, no explanation, afterwards, can wipe out the affront. He must draw his sword and slay the offender at the moment. A number of cases have been mentioned to us in which this has been done. When half a dozen officers were present, all have aided in the slaughter of one perhaps inadvertent offender; and no punishment has ever followed such murders, for we can call them by no other name. On the other hand, we know of instances in which the officers offended, from humanity or inexperience, have delayed their vengeance to the next day, and have then called out and fought the offender. They were bound to quit the army! None of their brother officers would serve with them. If necessary, we can mention the names of parties who have thus suffered. It is not a law of the country, but a rule of the service, which is acted on in these cases.

Now, if we apply this to the example before us, we shall see that it is not to the individual officers we must look for satisfaction, but to the government by which such a system is protected and cherished. It becomes a very serious affair when we see Austrian troops occupying, as they so lately have done, the towns of Hamburg, Frankfort, Mayence, the frontiers of Holstein, the independent States of Parma, Tuscany, and Bologna, and know that any thoughtless young officer, who may fancy himself insulted by any of us travelling in those states, is bound to pass his sword through our bodies without further question. Nor should we forget that these officers know well with what distrust and dislike they are regarded in all the countries we have named, and that they are therefore particularly liable, as in the case of Mr. Mather, to mistake accidents the most trivial for grave intentional offences. The habits of these gentry, too, from all we have ever heard of them, their treatment of prisoners in Italy and Hungary, the women-flogging, still a common occurrence even in Vienna itself, and such like exhibitions, do not show them to be precisely the persons to whom the right of judging and punishing an offence in a moment of passion could be very safely entrusted.

We feel curious, therefore, to know what was the "satisfactory" settlement to which Mr. Disraeli hoped he had arrived in this affair. If

our ministry really possess the influence they talk of in Vienna, we, not envying them their mode of obtaining it, should yet be very glad to see them exercising it to obtain a renunciation of this murderous custom. At any rate, if they cannot effect so much, we think they have really a fair right to demand that Austria shall restrain her assassinations to her own dominions, and not extend them over the independent provinces of Italy. We do not envy Sir Henry Bulwer the discussions the question is likely to give rise to, but we are glad that at least they are entrusted to one not likely to forget that he is an Englishman.

From the Examiner, 24th April.

ARRIVAL OF AN EX-DICTATOR.

WHILE Europe is busily getting rid of its patriots, and shipping them to the new world, the new world is getting rid of its tyrants, and shipping them to Europe. Rosas, we see, has just landed. This, at least, is reciprocity. Not only do we now find all the chiefs of liberal movements and ideas exiled by special and cruel decrees, but the masses who are luckless enough to entertain the like liberal opinions rapidly following their chiefs. Hesse Cassel is threatened with a wholesale emigration. In the Rhine countries the peasant turns his eyes from domestic tyranny to transatlantic freedom. The Bohemians, the Saxons, even the industrious and not indigent populations, are beginning to evince an unmistakable desire to escape from the present regime of Europe.

How singularly the events of one hemisphere may tell upon another is exemplified in the fall of Rosas. For twenty years he had successfully defied every military and naval force that could be brought against him. But it so happened, some short time since, that the agent of Brazil at Hamburg, learning that the Schleswig Holstein cavalry were about to be disbanded, went and proposed to them *en masse* to take service with the Emperor of Brazil. They should be transported, arms and horses, to South America; and their duty there should be to attack and put down an absolutist and cruel chief, who rivalled his brethren of Europe in tyranny. The Schleswigers, unable to be avenged upon his Majesty of Denmark, forthwith transferred their hostility to him of Buenos Ayres. They were straightway transported to the scene of their new campaign; and, joining Urquiza, gave that wild chief the means and the resolve to advance across the Paraná upon Buenos Ayres. Rosas tried to meet them with his *gauchos*. But those rude and undisciplined spearmen, untrained to steady fight, could not, despite their numbers, withstand the serious and heavy charge of the Schleswig Holsteiners, who galloped amongst them, and actually rode down all who did not disperse.

Thus the discomfited farmers of the Eyder became the victors of the Río de la Plata. The Brazilian government had made a similar attempt some time ago, by means of promises and inducements to a number of Irishmen to emigrate, who it was understood were to engage in military service, and put down Rosas, before they received the assignments of certain grants of land. But they themselves did not so understand the bargain, and mutined. Upon which transaction, as upon that which has now been more successfully completed, we may be excused for remarking that an imperial government like that of Rio, which, not-

withstanding its extent of empire, feels it necessary thus to enlist the fresh blood and sturdy courage of the people of the North of Europe in its military defence, undoubtedly forfeits some claim to continued confidence. Had Rosas been beaten by an army of South Americans, his defeat would have been more satisfactory and final. When one party triumphs by the bought aid of European strangers, the other hopes to retrieve its defeat by having recourse to the same means, and thus there is no end to war, struggle and revolution.

What, indeed, is most to be desired in those countries is to see some European, that is, some civilized, principles and parties prevail. But unfortunately the repugnance to these is greatest precisely because they are European. The vast regions of the Argentine Republic are almost universally devoted to the feeding of cattle, and the sale of their tallow and their hides; so that even the briskness of trade with Europe does but increase within the republic the race of rude men who set at naught every idea of European government and freedom. Men really cherishing such ideas are only to be found in the seaports, where they congregate. They are the commercial agents between Europe and the Pampas, and grow rich in the work of superintending and managing the traffic of exchange between barbarism and civilization. But let these men get up a government ever so fair and free, and seek to get it accepted by the class to which we have been adverting, and the latter will repudiate anything of the kind, whether offered as a boon or a menace.

That the fall of Rosas, therefore, is necessarily to result in the restoration of an enlightened administration, based on a general representative system, like that of which the foundations were laid by Rivadavia, appears by no means assured to us, desirable as it is. Even the very chief whom the Europeans so long and so obstinately opposed to Rosas on the other side of the Plata, Rivera, was no civilian or friend of civilians like Rivadavia, but a *gaucho* himself; a man of the plains and Pampas, like Rosas; and opposing him from personal rivalry and hatred, not from party antagonism. Urquiza, the commander of the army so recently victorious, is a man of the same race and kind; and if his influence as a politician make him predominant in Buenos Ayres, there can be little prospect of the establishment of what is there called a Unitarian government, that is, of a system of uniting the provinces together by any link save that of endowing enlightened administrations and judges, central or provincial, with wholesome authority and control.

What should, however, alone immediately concern ourselves, is the future channels, distribution, and openings of trade. It is now inevitable that there will be two *emporiums* in the Plata. Monte Video and Buenos Ayres are both too considerable for the one to be completely sacrificed to the other. Both will exist, and exist as rivals; and an enormous difficulty it will be to keep two such cities from enacting Rome and Carthage, and expending their resources on mutual and eternal war. Monte Video may have the better port, but Buenos Ayres has the best position, and commands the navigation of the Parana. To the opening of this river the French and English governments have already turned their attention, and they have sent joint commissioners, Messrs. Hotham and St. George, to negotiate with the new government the free trade of the Parana. If their aim be the *bonna fide*

opening of trade and navigation, they may meet with no serious obstacle. But if the efforts of M. or Chevalier St. Georges be directed to opening the Parana to vessels coming straight from Monte Video, so making that port the chief one for the river navigation, and passing Buenos Ayres by, the Chevalier St. Georges will not succeed; and if the English commissioner upholds him, he will fail too, and we shall find the Parana as difficult of access with Urquiza as with Rosas.

There is, indeed, a combination of hostilities against the trade of the Parana. There is, first of all, the hostility of the principal people to be traded with, the people of Paraguay. They have only their peculiar tea to export, they require but little in exchange, and they seem perfectly satisfied with the jealous precautions of their ruler, who prohibits communication of any kind with foreigners, even with the other countries of South America. Short of an armed expedition against Assumpcion, such as that which the Americans are fitting out against Japan, there seems really little prospect of inducing either the despotic government or the obedient people of Paraguay to trade. Then both the Brazilians and Argentines are equally jealous of Europeans penetrating into the interior of the country, or establishing relations, or accomplishing lucrative interchanges without their intervention or profit. We fear that in every sense, therefore, British trade up the Parana will be found to go against a rapid and opposing current.

We have said but little of Rosas, which, perhaps, is the best mode of treating him. He has run his career. He governed his country for twenty years with the most unmitigated and cruel despotism. He may have had some excuses in the barbarous and pastoral state of his country, which European despots have not. But he has retarded civilization, nay, almost destroyed its very germs and roots in a city, which, like Buenos Ayres, was the most advanced of South America. The Spaniards placed it at the head of its part of the world, and Rosas put it at the tail. To him it is wholly indebted for its utter unfitness for the future, its inability to right itself, its total lack of energy, education, experience, and all the qualities that give prosperity and establish greatness. Such has been the result of despotism.

From the Examiner.

DEATH OF THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN.

This event, which had been for some time contemplated, took place on Saturday night. On Friday symptoms of approaching death betrayed themselves, and orders were immediately given to close the theatres, and consign all the troops to barracks. The Grand Duke, Charles Leopold Frederick, was sixty-two years of age; he leaves several sons, but as the eldest is an idiot, his death raises an important question with respect to the succession. The family have resolved that it should take place in due order, only the government of the duchy shall be confined to the second son, Prince Frederick. It is hoped by this means to avoid giving to the other claimants to the throne the opportunity of again disputing the rights of the present family which would be offered by an irregular succession. These claimants are, however, already in the field, in the persons of the reigning family of Bavaria, whose claims to a portion of the

duchy are founded apparently in perfect justice. They have been urged on more than one occasion, and, indeed, were put forth no later than last year by King Maximilian II., of Bavaria. In the year 1806, the Emperor Napoleon compelled the then Grand Duke of Baden, Duke Charles Frederick, to marry his son, Duke Charles, to Stephanie Tascher de la Pagerie, a niece of the Empress Josephine. The fruits of that marriage were two sons and three daughters. All of the latter are now living—one is married to the Marquis of Douglas. The first son died very suddenly, and when the second son disappeared, or died very suddenly, no records of either event are to be found. Duke Ludwig, the younger brother of Duke Charles, was exiled from court for a very considerable period by his father, the then reigning grand duke. A fate seemed to attend the male children brought into the world by Stephanie. Suspicions of foul play were very general at the time, and were directed solely against Duke Ludwig, who was known to be ambitious of succeeding his father, and who hated the Duchess Stephanie and her children. Duke Charles died, and, on the death of his father, Duke Ludwig ascended the ducal throne. Duke Ludwig remained unmarried, leading a life of the wildest and most criminal character. Some years previous to his succession, his father, the Grand Duke Charles Frederick, having lost his wife, contracted a left-handed ormorganatic marriage with Madame Geyer von Geyersberg, a lady of bad reputation about the court. After their marriage Madame Geyer was created Countess of Hochberg. While married to the Grand Duke Charles Frederick the Countess Hochberg gave birth to four children, the eldest of whom was the Grand Duke Charles Leopold, whose demise is now recorded. Rumor was mysterious about the parentage of these children, and dark hints were thrown out as to their relationship, Duke Ludwig's name being much complicated in these statements. During the reign of this Ludwig it happened that a wild, idiotic youth was found one morning sitting in the streets of Leipsic and unable to give any account of himself. His tongue gave forth only unintelligible and indistinct sounds. Taken care of and instructed by kind Samaritans, this youth, who had given to him the name of Caspar Hauser, gradually made known to his friends that his previous existence had been passed in a cell under ground, in which he had only seen one person; that he had never seen daylight until a few days before his discovery in Leipsic, when his keeper carried him out of the cell and transported him to the place in Leipsic where he was found. Inquiries, public and private, were made in all directions without any result. Suspicions of various kinds arose, a paper war ensued, some authors treating Caspar Hauser as an ingenious impostor, others enunciating boldly the suspicion that he was the heir to the Baden throne. Facts, however, were wanting to prove the connection, and while the inquiries were still pending, poor Caspar Hauser was suddenly murdered in Nürnberg. The wanting facts have never been supplied, though the chain of circumstantial evidence has been increased and strengthened. It was known, at the time of the paper war alluded to, that a pamphlet on the subject announced for publication, as containing some of the wanting proofs, had been bought off by some unknown person. This unknown person was subsequently proved in a court of justice to have been Major Hennenhofer, the creature and con-

fidant of Ludwig, the minister to and participator in all his dissipations. Major Hennenhofer was also seen in Nürnberg on the evening when Caspar Hauser was murdered. Were an inquiry to be made, it is possible that more evidence on the subject would be forthcoming, and the identity of Caspar Hauser with the missing son of Duchess Stephanie be clearly established. The duchess has preserved on this subject the strictest silence. Her present position and influence in Paris might, perhaps, if the suspicions which have prevailed are well founded, induce her to break that resolution, and visit with vengeance the family for whose advantage her own sons were made away with. Ludwig succeeded his brother, and on his death the reigning family of Bavaria laid claim to a portion of the duchy, founding their claim on the illegitimacy, or rather the unequal birth, of the children of Grand Duke Charles Frederick by the Countess Hochberg. According to the law in Germany these children, of whom the late grand duke was one, are excluded from taking sovereign rank, and succeeding to sovereign rights. At his marriage, Duke Charles Frederick inserted a clause in the marriage contract, declaring the wife and the children who might result from the marriage to be of equal birth. When Duke Ludwig died, a sitting of the privy council was held, at which the Grand Duke Charles Leopold declared that he would only carry on the government until it should be settled who was the real heir. The Baden succession has been inquired into by federal commissions, with the view of regulating it, and providing against difficulties. In 1818 and 1830, when the deceased grand duke succeeded to the ducal throne, federal commissions sat in Frankfurt. The latter decreed that in order to procure the unity of the duchy, the children of Countess Hochberg should be considered of equal birth. The Wettolsbach family (Bavaria) disputed that decree then, and entered their protest against it. That protest will, it is reported, be removed now; it is known that of all the rulers of Bavaria, not one assumes a higher and more ambitious tone than King Maximilian, and if it be renewed and followed up, all the facts must be again inquired into. The Baden succession, with its accompanying romance and crimes, will be a fit subject to be settled by the great powers. —*Daily News*.

STANZAS.

Those days were bright and pleasant days,

When I did fill a lover's part;
I dreamed you heart was all my own,
I knew that you had all my heart.

I wish that we again were young;
I wish that we again were true;
I know not if the sin be mine,
Or if the fault be hid in you.

But cloud, and change, and evil tongues,
Have crept between our thoughts at last;
And doubt and fear alone are here,
While joy has vanished with the past.

Yet though we may no more be young,
I would that we again were true;
Ah! dream that bounteous Autumn still
Hath sweets—some sweets—for me and you.

The violet with the spring is gone;
The red rose with the summer hours;
But still the orange yields its gold,
And—once again—its bridal flowers!

From Chambers' Journal.

RUSTICATION IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

POVERTY is difficult to bear under any circumstances, but when compelled entirely to alter our habits of life in the same place where we have lived differently, we certainly feel it more acutely than when we at once change the scene, and see around us nothing we can well compare with what is past. It is unnecessary to say by what means our easy fortune was reduced to a mere pittance; but, alas! it was so, and we found ourselves forced to seek another dwelling-place. Following the example of most of our country-people in a similar situation, therefore, we resolved to go abroad; not, indeed, to enjoy society on an income which would, in England, totally shut us out from it, but to live in absolute retirement upon next to nothing. A cousin of mine—whose friend, Mlle. de Flotte, long resident in England, had married a countryman of her own, and settled in Normandy—wrote to Mme. de Terelcourt, accordingly, to ask if there was a habitable hut in her neighborhood where we might find shelter for three years, before which time we were told the settlement of our affairs could scarcely be completed. The answer was favorable; there was, she said, near the village of Flotte, a cottage which contained a kitchen, three rooms, and a garret where a *bonne* might sleep. A large garden was attached to it, full of fruit-trees, though in a most neglected condition, and even the house requiring to be made weather-tight; but as the landlord undertook this latter business, and the rent for the whole was only £12 a year, we gladly closed with the offer, and at the end of the month of April proceeded to take possession of our new home.

The situation was most lovely. The garden surrounded three sides of the cottage, and a large green field, or rather thinly-planted apple-orchard, the other, where grazed four fine cows, belonging to a farm on the opposite side of the lane, which supplied us with butter, eggs, and milk, and was near enough not to annoy but to gratify our ears with the country sounds so pleasant to those fond of rural things, and to give us the feeling of help at hand in case of any emergency. We were on the slope of a tolerably lofty hill; the high-road was below, where we could see and hear the diligence pass; but, saving this, the farm-yard noises, and the birds and bees in the garden, were the only disturbers of our perfect quiet, except, indeed, the soothing sound of a small brook tinkling over a tiny waterfall, quite audible, although a good way on the other side of the *grande route*. The town of C— was seen to our right, the sea glittering beyond; and a rocky, shrubby dell, through which the little stream above mentioned murmured merrily on its way, turning a rustic mill, was the prospect from the windows. Two lime-trees stood at the gate, inside of which we joyfully discovered an unexpected lodge or cottage, containing two little rooms and a large shed, which had not been mentioned in the description, and which we found most useful for stowing away packing-cases, hampers, and boxes, keeping potatoes and apples, and a hundred things besides. The short road—avenue, our landlord termed it—which led from this to the house, had a strawberry-bank on one side, a row of cherry-trees on the other; and the garden, although overgrown with weeds and sprawling shrubs, looked quite capable of being easily made very pretty indeed. The entrance to this our mag-

nificent château was through the kitchen only; for the room next it, although it could boast of an outside-door likewise, had none which opened into the interior of the house, was neither lathed nor plastered, and the bare earth was all there was to tread upon. Upstairs the flooring consisted merely of planks laid down; and you could hear when below the pins dropped from above, unless, indeed, they fell, as they generally did, into the large crevices. The *bonne's mansarde* was but a garret, where, till you got into the very middle, you could not stand upright; and although the tiled roof had been just painted and repaired, the breath of heaven came wooingly in every direction, even through the thick-leaved vines which covered it, closely trained up there to make room for the apricots that grew against the wall below. Close by a little stair led you out upon a terrace, where a road, bordered by peach-trees and backed by plums, gave a dry walk in all weathers; but you could go higher, higher, and higher still, terrace after terrace, till it terminated in a rock covered with briars and brambles—the fruit of which latter were as large and as good as mulberries. This we called our garden-wall, and it had a sunny seat commanding an extensive view, and from which all we saw was beautiful. How often have I sat there dreaming, lulled by the murmur of the insect world around, till the merry sife of a band of conscripts on their march, or the distant boom of a cannon from the forts, restored me to a consciousness that I was still at least in the world, although not of it.

But now I am going to descend to figures, and can assure my incredulous English readers that what I relate is strictly true—*vraie*, although not *vraisemblable*. We hired a stout girl to weed and wash, without food, at 24d. a day; and another for £5 per annum undertook to be our sole servant—to clean, and cook, and dress madame, only stipulating that she was to have *soupe à la graisse* and brown bread à *discretion* three times a day, two sous for cider, her aprons, and washing; but hoped, if she gave satisfaction, that sometimes upon Sunday she might be allowed a bit of meat; on Fridays an egg and an apple contented her, and an occasional fish made her shout with joy. An old soldier, who had returned to his primitive employment of gardener, and lived near, undertook to dig, prune, and plant in the garden for a franc a day, during the time we ourselves were engaged with the inside of our mansion, and to come afterwards at 2d. an hour when we wanted him, either to go to C— for marketing, or to do anything else we required, for the hamlet of Flotte did not possess many shops. At this hamlet, however, we obtained bread and a variety of small articles on very moderate terms.

Having hired the requisite furniture, and papered the walls of our apartments, the humble tenement looked clean and comfortable. To get all in order, we both worked hard, and very soon could sit down, by “our own fireside,” in a quiet, cheerful house, almost the work of our own hands, and therefore every creek and cranny in it full of interest. Mme. de Terelcourt, with refined politeness, did not attempt to visit us herself until she understood we could receive her *sans gêne*; but she sent fruit and vegetables, and kind messages constantly, and at last a note intimating that she would, if convenient, call upon us after church next day. Strawberries and cream, butter, eggs, fresh bread, and the commonest *vin ordinaire*, were

easily procured, of which our guest ate heartily, saying she would bring the rest of the family next day to partake of a similar feast. They came accordingly, and with them a cart loaded with shrubs, plants, flowers, and a whole hive of honeycomb, and various little comforts besides, pretending that they were thankful to us for receiving their superabundance, instead of obliging them to throw it away. This hospitable, unaffected kindness continued unabated the whole time of our stay, and the kind beings always contrived to make out that they were the obliged persons, and we so polite and condescending for deigning to receive such trifles. M. and Mme. de Terelcourt lived with M. le Marquis de Flotte and his wife; and her brother, the Count de Belgravin, occupied a house a quarter of a mile distant, which, although by no means a comfortable residence, he rented purposely to be near his sister. These amiable people spent a part of every day together, for they did not associate much with the inhabitants of C——; and I look back with much pleasure to our social evenings, when light-hearted merriment constantly prevailed; and I often thought how few of the many who talk so gravely of patience and resignation to the will of God, could or would understand that cheerfulness is, in fact, but a different way of showing that resignation.

Our maid, Batilde, knew nothing about the *cuisine* beyond a good *roue* and a bad omelet; and, except making a bed, appeared ignorant of all housework—even washing, dusting, or sweeping thoroughly. She, however, did everything we did not do for ourselves, and ironed the linen after a fashion. Tonette washed for us in the little river aforesaid, where she used an incredible quantity of soap, thumping our things with a piece of flat wood upon a great stone, most conveniently, as she observed, placed there for the purpose “by the saints in heaven;” which method, if it hastened its wearing out, made our linen at least sweet and clean while it lasted. My husband shot and cultivated the garden in the respective seasons appropriate to these occupations, whilst I bought a cookery-book called “*Les Expériences de Mademoiselle Marguerite*,” and, pretending to be learning myself, taught Batilde to prepare our food a little better, without hurting her self-conceit, of which she possessed more than the average of her countrywomen. Our time, therefore, was fully occupied. Our health improved and our spirits rose with the excitement; we had agreeable society in the excellent people named above, meeting *sans façon*, taking breakfast or luncheon with each other, instead of dinners, in winter, and in summer often spending the evening at one another's houses.

At a distance not insurmountable there was an English chapel; but the character of the clergyman was not of a kind to recommend itself to persons who had some regard for the decencies of life; and so we contented ourselves with saying our prayers at home. The old curé of the place, with whom we became slightly acquainted, seemed to be a worthy sort of man, liberal in his ideas, and possessed of a considerable taste for music. He made rather an agreeable and obliging neighbor.

Talking of curés, I may mention that one came from a distance of several miles to pay his respects to us, and offer welcome to France. He said he desired to make our acquaintance because we came from England, where he had found “rest for twenty years, and received much kindness.” He

was a rich man, had a pretty little church, a picturesque house in a sort of park, which he had stocked with pigs instead of sheep; and every day that was not one of fasting or abstinence, he had pork for dinner. He took a great fancy to us, and wanted us to give up our cottage and come and live with him, as he had plenty of room and desired society; but we declined. Had we done so, I doubt not that he would have left us his money, for he had no relations, and bequeathed the whole, for want of an heir, to his grocer. He grew cooler after our refusal, but still sometimes came to see us on a pot-bellied cart-horse—a most stolid-looking beast, but one which often took most laughably strange fits of friskiness. Once I saw the good curé's watch jump out of his pocket, fly over his head, and disappear amid a heap of nettles, where little Victor found it, and hoped for a rich reward; but he only received an old book of devotion, and a lecture on the duty of reading it.

I must relate a little adventure which might have been written fifty years ago, when it would have obtained more credence than it will in the present day, from those travellers at least who have kept to the highways, and those residents who have lived only in the towns of France. One morning Batilde asked permission to visit a friend who had come to spend a day with her sister at C——. “They breed poultry; and as madame likes a goose as soon as the fête of St. Michel comes, it would be worth her while to desire Mère Talbot to feed one up against that time. They live a good way off,” pursued she, “in a poor hamlet called Les Briares. It would be almost worth madame's while to go there some day, for it is such a primitive place, and they are such primitive people.” I liked the idea, and begged Mère Talbot might be told that I would come and look out my geese for myself the following week.

A fine Thursday morning dawned; and, as early as we could get coffee made and taken, Batilde and I set out on our expedition, each, after the fashion of the canton, seated on a donkey, our feet in one pannier and a large stone to balance in the other. I took, as an offering to the hope and heir of the Talbots, a toy much like what we in England call Jack-in-a-box, but in France is termed a *Diabie*, as it is intended to represent his Satanic majesty, and alarm the lifter of the lid by popping up a black visage. The rough roads, shaded by high hedges, white and pink with hawthorn and the wild apple-tree blossom, and redolent of early honeysuckle, reminded me of the secluded parts of England; while Scotland presented itself to my mind when we left these lanes and crossed still, rushy brooks, or dashing tiny torrents, climbed heather braes, pursuing the yellow-hammer and large mountain-bees as they flew on to the furze and broom-bushes, filling the air with their cheerful music; or, when again we descend to birch-shaded hollows, refreshing ourselves from clear little spring-wells, that sparkled over white pebbles at the foot of a gray rock tufted over with blueberry and foxglove leaves. The poor thing chatted away like a child, inspired by the pure air, bracing, yet mild, and lost herself amongst recollections of her country home, talking of buttercups, hedge-sparrows' eggs, and *demoiselles* or dragon-flies.

Several happy hours we spent *en route*; and at last, on turning down from a hilly road, we saw on a flat brown plain a collection of low cottages. The nearer we approached, the more Scotch everything appeared; in some cases I even saw my dear na-

tire "middens afore the door;" the aspect of the houses and looks of the old women especially, with their stoups and country caps—so very like matches—striped petticoats and short-gowns, brought northern climes before me vividly; and the children stared and shouted like true Scots callants. The very accent was so Scotch that I felt as though I was doing something altogether ridiculous in talking French.

Upon entering Mère Talbot's house, the resemblance became more real. The flags stuck here and there in the earthen floor, the form of the chairs and tables, the press-beds, large red-checked linen curtains, the "rock and its wee pickle tow," the reel, the bowls on the shelves—each and all recalled my native country; and I positively should have ended by believing myself there in a dream, if not in reality, had not a glance at the fireplace undeceived me; there was no fire—all was dim, dusky, and dark; no glowing embers and cheerful pipe-clayed hearth, but iron dogs and wood ashes where blazing coals should be. Even here, however, I could not but think of "Caledonia stern and wild," for there stood a real Carron "three-leggit pat," to which my very heart warmed. I was asked to sit down; and soon the news spread that *une Anglaise* was to be seen at Mère Talbot's, and people glanced by the window, peeped in at the door, and came to speak upon one pretence or other, as if it was not an every-day sight. By and by a girl and man—whose names from their appearance might have been Jenny and Sawnie—arrived for their dinner—consisting of brown bread, an apple, and cider, which they discussed on their knees—not sitting down at the table—and, when finished, returned to their field-labor without speaking. The little boy, meanwhile, had disappeared with his toy-box, which greatly delighted him, and elevated him for the nonce above his fellows; for he was the undisputed possessor of a curiosity imported from England itself, over the sea, by the very lady who was to be seen at his grandmother's house eating pancakes.

The fire was lighted; it crackled and blazed in two minutes; a stand was placed over it, upon which they put what they called a *tuile*; eggs, flour, and milk were mixed, and a bit of butter, the size of a bean, in the first instance, of a pea afterwards—*c'est de rigueur*, to hinder every fresh *crêpe* thrown in from burning. Most capital pancakes they were; thin, crisp, hot, and sweet; and the kind people pressed them upon me so hospitably that I ate till I felt I really could eat no longer, and was glad to finish with a draught of sour cider. I bought seven geese, to be brought to me one at a time, as *fat as caterpillars*, for two francs ten sous each. Mère Talbot was content with her bargain, and so was I with mine. When I rose to take leave, I was reminded again of Scotland, for a large parcel of cakes was put into the off-pannier; and, as I should have mortally offended the kind creatures by refusing their gift, I carried them home, toasted them on a fork, and found it made them quite as crisp and good as at first. This sketch may appear perhaps very odd to be taken from nature so late as the year 1840, but I can assure my readers it is "no less strange than true."

All the summer we wandered about the woods and fields of Flotte, making little excursions in the neighborhood, and sedulously avoiding the town; but after we had made ourselves acquainted with every beech-shaded hollow, every little fig-forest,

every apple-orchard, climbed every broomy knowe, gathered heather from the highest rock and mushroom from the oldest pasture, we turned our steps sometimes towards C—in search of variety. There, every Thursday, the military band of the 44th Regiment played in the alley of the mountain-ash, and there all the dames and demoiselles assembled, dressed in a wonderfully neat way. We asked how these women, who were mostly in humble circumstances, were enabled to dress so finely. Batilde explained the phenomenon.

"Ah! they have infinite merit," responded the Frenchwoman; "two of them, whom I chance to know, in order to be enabled to do so, live on eggs and bread, in one room, where they sit, eat, and sleep, nay, sometimes cook; and they have their just reward, for they are universally admired and respected."

This is a pretty fair specimen of the effort made by Frenchwomen of the humbler orders to maintain a tasteful exterior. To make themselves neat is a principle; and they seem to have an inherent perception of what constitutes taste. They may sometimes go too far in this direction, and think more of dress and ornaments than they should do. One can at least say that they are on the safe side. Better to love outward show, than, as is often visible in Scotland, have no regard for appearances. Better cleanliness on any terms than utter slovenliness. I really must say, we saw some most creditable efforts in France to maintain self-respect, among the female population.

About this time, an old gentleman, who was distantly related to us, died—without having, however, an idea of the extent of our poverty—leaving my husband £50 for a ring. Here was riches—unexpected riches! and I verily believe few who succeed to £50,000 ever felt more or as much rapture as we did; and we spent an evening very happily settling how we should employ the money. In the first place, we hired a good servant for £8! and dismissed Batilde; we then, by paying half, induced the landlord to lath, plaster, paper, and paint the large lumber-room, and open a door of communication into the passage, by which we avoided entering through the kitchen. Our late sitting-room we dined in, and made the dining-room a dressing-room; got several small comforts besides; and, though last not least, hired an old piano; and every evening enjoyed music in a degree none but real lovers of that delightful art, long deprived of it, can have the slightest conception of—and all this happiness and comfort for £50! Think of that, ye ladies who give as much for a gown!

Our new servant, Olive, was as clean, orderly, and active as our late one had been the reverse. The difference it made in our comfort was as great as if we had had our former establishment restored, and really our *bonne* was a host within herself. The house was always clean, but we never saw her cleaning; she went to market, baked all our bread, and yet never seemed oppressed with work; her cookery was capital; she made excellent dishes out of what Batilde would have wasted; went to mass every morning, and was back in time to prepare everything for our breakfast. After staying a month, she begged permission to leave the cock-loft and bring her "effects" to the gate-house, which we willingly permitted; and her wardrobe was worth a journey to see, when we remembered that her wages had never been quite £8 until she

came to us, and her age only thirty. I shall give the list I copied, hoping some of our English Betties may read and profit by her example; twenty-four good strong linen shifts, made and marked neatly by herself; two dozen worsted and thread stockings, knit by herself; twelve pocket-handkerchiefs; six stout petticoats; four flannel do.; six pair of shoes; eight caps; eight neck-frills; umbrella; prayer-book; gold earrings and cross—which two last, with a beautiful lace-cap, she inherited, but everything else was of her *own earning*. She bought a wardrobe and bedstead, and was by degrees getting furniture; and, as I exacted no sewing, every leisure moment she was spinning her future sheets. With all this she was also very kind to a married sister, who had a large family; but she wore no flowers, flounces, nor finery; her six gowns were of a stuff the Scotch call linsey-woolsey; and so in sixteen years' services she had amassed what I have just described. Why can't our girls do as much where wages are higher and clothes cheaper!

We spent three years in this happy solitude, and felt almost sorry when an unexpected legacy, and the settlement of our affairs together, enabled us to return to all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. It gives me much pleasure to record the many kindnesses we received from all ranks of people. Upon one occasion we were forced to ask the butcher to wait three months longer for his bill; he not only consented, but his wife insisted upon lending us money, and was quite cross when we gratefully declined her kindness. Near the time of our departure, as we were paying a large account, the shopkeeper said, "At this time you must have many calls upon you; transmit me the amount from England, for I can afford to wait." Another of our tradesmen, a shoemaker, was a most singular character—a great physiognomist, and would not serve those he did not like. A dashing English family wished to employ him, but he fought shy, and made himself so disagreeable that they went to another: he told me this before his wife, who seemed annoyed at his conduct. He explained that he did not like their appearance, and was sure they would not pay for what they had. He was right; they left the place in debt to his *confère* and everybody else. I rejoice in this opportunity of assuring my countrymen that there is as much true kindness to be met with in France as in England, and the selfishness we complain of in our neighbors on the other side of the Channel, is often but a preconceived fancy, or induced by our own cold behavior. The above true sketch shows at least that we met with substantial kindness, and I hope it also proves that we are sensible of it.

Notes on Public Subjects made during a Tour in the United States and in Canada. By HUGH SEYMOUR TREMENEERE.

THIS volume contains remarks on a variety of subjects suggested to the writer during an American and Canadian tour. The papers partake of the character of the official report or memoir, and deal more with statistics, reasons, and opinions, than with living facts, or personal experiences of travel, though such are occasionally to be found. Among Mr. Tremeneere's American subjects is the water supply of towns; in which the cities of the United States have decidedly the advantage over this country, both in quantity and cheapness. Another is the American

press; whose virulence against England the author attributes to ignorance, and he suspects that the influence of the press is greater on the mass of the people than the aristocracy of America supposes. An article on railways involves an inquiry as to how far the completion of the lines now planned will affect the price of wheat in this country, by diminishing the cost of transport, and opening up new fields of produce. Mr. Tremeneere seems to think, in opposition to Mr. Johnson, that the result of this will be increased supplies at a reduced price; but we doubt whether he allows enough for the growing American demand. The notes on Canada are brief and more various in subject than those on America; they give a glowing picture of the country, and strongly recommend it as a field for a superior class of emigrants. The volume is a fair and well-written series of discussions upon many important practical subjects.—*Spectator*.

From the London Leader.

SUMMER DAYS.

Is summer, when the days were long,
We walked together in the wood;
Our heart was light, our step was strong,
Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,
In summer, when the days were long

We strayed from morn till evening came,
We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns;
We walked 'mid poppies red as flame,
Or sat upon the yellow downs,
And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,
We leapt the hedgerow, crost the brook;
And still her voice flowed forth in song,
Or else she read some graceful book,
In summer, when the days were long.

And when we sat beneath the trees,
With shadows lessening in the noon;
And in the sunlight and the breeze
We feasted many a gorgeous June,
While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song;
We pluck'd wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not—
For loving seemed like breathing then—
We found a heaven in every spot,
Saw angels, too, in all good men,
And dreamt of God in grove and groat.

In summer, when the days are long,
Alone I wander, muse alone;
I see her not, but that old song
Under the fragrant wind is blown,
In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood,
But one fair spirit hears my sighs;
And half I see, so glad and good,
The honest daylight of her eyes,
That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,
I love her as we loved of old;
My heart is light, my step is strong—
For love brings back those hours of gold,
In summer, when the days are long. M.